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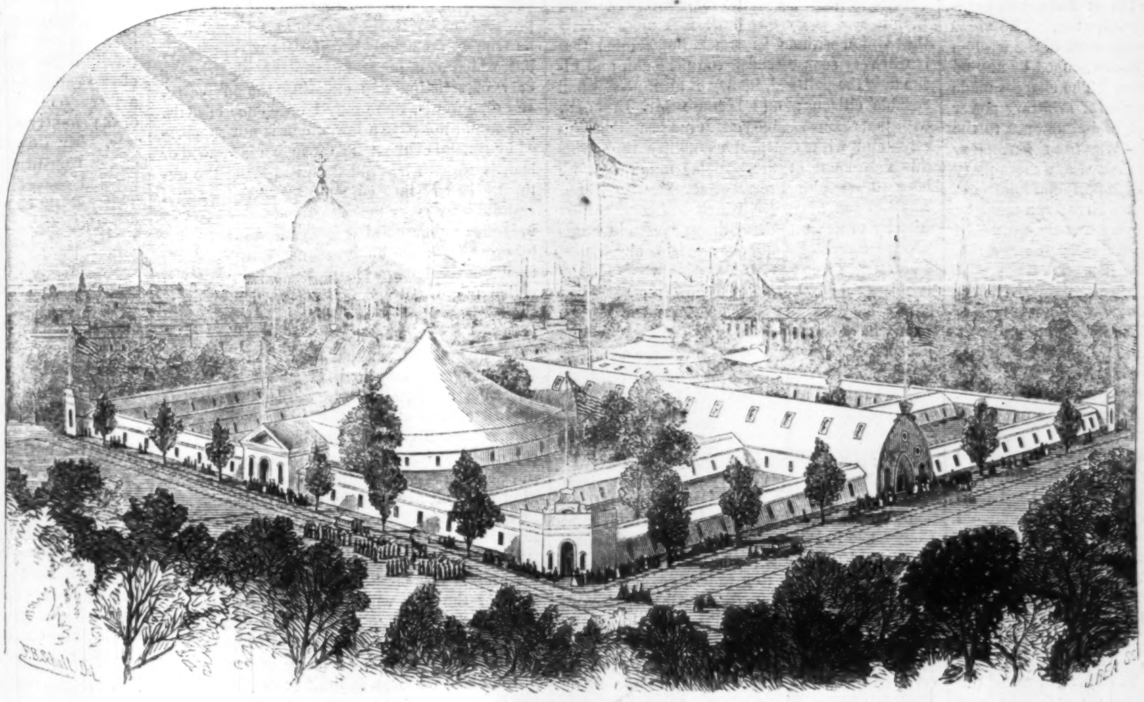
GREAT CENTRAL FAIR IN PHILADELPHIA.

We give herewith a view of the Great Central Sanitary Fair Buildings at Philadelphia, Pa. These buildings cover a space of four acres of ground on *Logan Square*, and possess great architectural beauty. The Picture Gallery is over five hundred feet long and thirty feet wide, and is considered fire-proof. Paintings valued at $500,000 will be exhibited in this Gallery. The Fair, which opens the first week in June, will, it is believed, exceed in extent and results even the *Metropolitan Fair* held in this city. Pennsylvania, Delaware, and New Jersey will all contribute to the Exhibition, and all parts of the country will be more or less represented by characteristic productions. As indicative of the deep-seated loyalty which has distinguished Philadelphia from the very commencement of the rebellion, this Fair will have a historic significance.

During the continuance of the Fair a newspaper, called *Our Daily Fair*, will be published every morning, giving full reports of all current events, facts illustrative of the Sanitary movement, and original articles from some of our first writers. Contributions are also expected from well-known European authors. This paper will also contain a number of interesting documents by General Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Lafayette, William Penn, and other great men of our past, never before printed. Among other literary curiosities, a curious autobiographic letter, by the English novelist, Smollett, to an American, will be exhibited.

The heart of every soldier fighting in the field must be cheered by these efforts in their behalf.

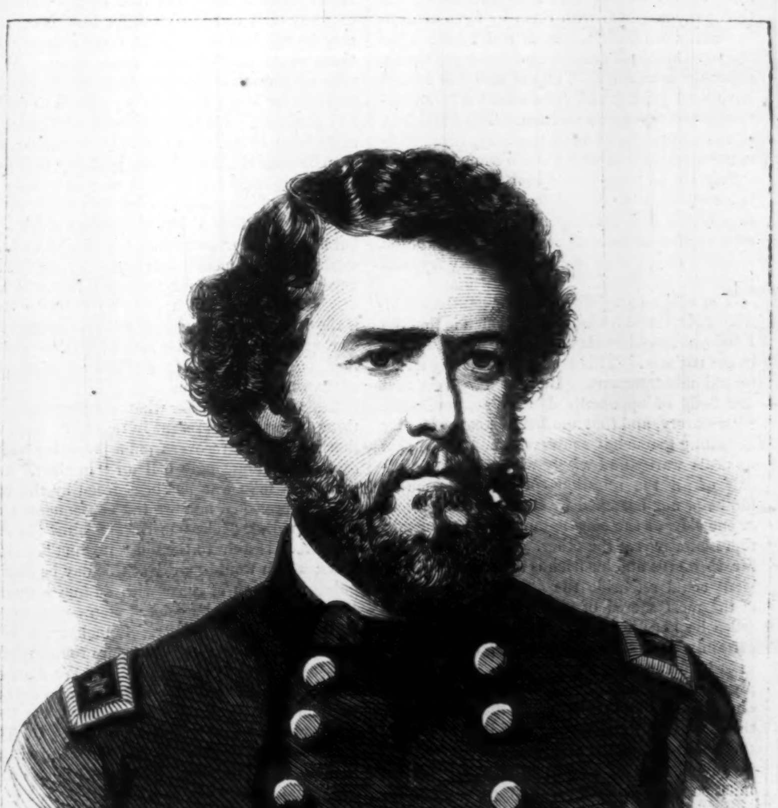


GREAT CENTRAL FAIR BUILDINGS, LOGAN SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA.

GEN. GOUVERNEUR K. WARREN.

General Gouverneur K. Warren, whose portrait we give on the first page, is one of our ablest and most skillful officers, having demonstrated in all the positions he has occupied the highest qualifications for command. He is a native of New York, and entered West Point in 1846; and in July, 1850, was appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers. He served acceptably in various positions until the outbreak of the rebellion, when his high soldierly qualities found vigorous employment in the field. Gradually rising in the scale of promotion, he was in May, 1863, made a Major-General, and served in all the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac with distinguished bravery. Upon the reorganization of that army, in March last, he was promoted to the command of the Fifth Corps, which was strengthened by the consolidation with it of the three divisions of the First Corps. During the present campaign General Warren has added to his high reputation by the most exalted courage. His corps was the first to be attacked in the battles of the Wilderness, and has sustained heavy losses in every engagement, evincing the highest daring even in the face of overwhelming odds. No army ever had corps commanders superior to Hancock, Sedgwick, Burnside, and Warren. On page 372 we give a sketch of the General rallying a body of faltering Marylanders in one of the engagements about Spottsylvania. He seized the colors of a regiment from the hands of a retiring Sergeant, and, carrying them himself, led the regiment back to its place in the line of battle in spite of a storm of shot and shell.

GENERAL GOUVERNEUR K. WARREN.—[Photographed by Brady.]



GENERAL HORATIO GATES WRIGHT.—Photographed by Anthony.—[See Page 374.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 11, 1864.

OUR WAR MAPS.

The readers of Harper's Weekly will find it for their advantage to preserve for constant reference the two elaborate and complete Maps of the Seat of War published in Number 387. Every important place and position is so carefully laid down in these Maps that the reader can trace upon them, from day to day, the movements of our armies under Grant in Virginia and under Sherman in Georgia, and those of the enemy under Lee and Johnston, opposed to them. They can thus gain a clear and intelligent view of the design and effect of the various movements and counter-movements of the belligerents.

THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION.

It seems to be understood that the Baltimore Convention, on the 7th of June, will nominate Mr. Lincoln for re-election. The views which we have hitherto expressed of the wisdom of this course have not been changed by any of the events of the summer. The charges made against him, of the exercise of arbitrary power by the Copperheads, and of indifference to the Slavery question by Mr. Wendell Phillips, seem to us to be, in the first case, a mere party clamor, and, in the second, a profound misapprehension. Summary arrests have been made by the Government, as in every war they must be made. The practical question is whether this power has been generally abused. That mistakes may have been made is to say that men are fallible; but that there has been a peculiarly dangerous exercise of this power, whether in the detail or in the intention, he is a very hardy man who would seriously affirm.

Of course we do not gravely combat the assertion that the President has menaced our liberties, and meant to menace them. There is a phrase in the western part of the State, applied to very difficult enterprises, that you might as well try to scull up Niagara as do that. This is advice of exactly the proper dignity to be offered to gentlemen who, mindful of Junius and the pamphleteers, attempt to depict Mr. Lincoln as playing the part of Charles or James Stuart. The President's policy, if an English precedent must be found, is to be sought rather in that of William the Third, who established the British Constitution. Nor will the student forget that, while James was the advocate of the divine right of kings, against the political power of the people, so the Copperhead gentlemen who decry the President are the champions of the privileges of rebellious slaveholders against the natural rights of man. It is enough to know that these indignant vindicators of civil rights against executive usurpation are the zealous politicians who repudiate the principles of the Declaration of Independence. Jefferson Davis, after an election in which he and his friends take part, attempts with them by force of arms to destroy the Government of which he has lost the constitutional control, and these gentlemen smoothly consider that Davis and his friends have been goaded and exasperated into an unfortunately erroneous position. The President, in the extreme peril of the country, takes summary steps which the Constitution expressly authorizes, or even, in his zeal to maintain the Government and the national welfare, takes a step which is debatable, and the same gentlemen explode in columns of horror at the wanton invasion of our liberties. It is a party cry, and perfectly understood.

The other complaint urged by gentlemen of whom Mr. Phillips is the spokesman is that the President considers slavery the only sacred thing in the country. This seems to us simply a rhetorical misstatement. But the very fact that one body of opponents decry his interference with slavery, and that another denounce him for hesitating to touch it, shows what? It shows that he deals warily and wisely with the most difficult of all the questions of the war—neither hindered nor hastened by the sour accusations of one side, or the caustic taunts and bitter misrepresentations of the other. The argument of Mr. Phillips and his friends is, that if the President could set aside the *habeas corpus*, which is the most sacred of civil rights, as it is conceded he had the power to do, then he might certainly have abolished slavery, which is the most infamous of human wrongs. But the reply to this, which is so obvious that it would seem impossible for it to escape the attention of those who did not wish to avoid it, is plainly this: that both in the suspension of the writ and in any measure of emancipation the President must be controlled by his conviction of public approval. It is very clear that the public mind might be entirely ready for one step, when its opposition to the other might be so resolute as to imperil the very object for which alone both steps were to be taken. Indeed the fallacy of this complaint is that it requires of Mr. Lincoln to embody in his policy as President the views held by a few of the most advanced Abolitionists, when nothing can be clearer than that the views of these gentlemen are not those of the great mass of the American people. That those views are right, both as regards slavery and its relation to the war, we individually fully believe. That an enormous stride toward their adoption has been made by the country, under the teaching of the war, is as evident as the progress of General Grant toward Richmond. But that no policy is wise or practicable which is not supported by popular conviction, is beyond dispute. While, therefore, it is the duty of every sincere citizen to influence public opinion by every means he can command, so that it will take the simple, manly, American ground of fair play for all men, it is idle for him to denounce the Government for not taking for granted what it knows to be untrue.

The Government can not carry on this war by doing what it thinks to be abstractly right, but by doing all the right that is practicable. If we believed Mr. Lincoln were likely to be unable to see or unwilling to do that, we should oppose him as warmly as we support him. If we thought that he lagged behind public sentiment we should feel that he retarded it. It is because we believe that the nation is heartily in earnest in its resolution to maintain the Union; that it sees every day more and more clearly that Union without Liberty is impossible; that it will very soon establish the personal, and ultimately the political, liberty of all innocent and capable citizens; and because Mr. Lincoln, with marvelous sagacity, with incorruptible honesty, and with conspicuous ability represents this movement of the popular mind, that we hope to see him President for another term. The London *Spectator*, which has been calmly friendly to us throughout the war, says in words which we cordially approve: "How any honest Northerners who read these noble words [in the Kentucky letter], and see how modestly yet firmly Mr. Lincoln has acted on the lessons which have opened his eyes to the great Divine purpose of this war, can meditate the substitution of any untried man for the next President, we find it hard indeed to conceive."

COMMON-SENSE *VERSUS* PREJUDICE.

In the late meeting of the Methodist General Conference in Philadelphia the Rev. Dr. Moody is reported to have said that he "thought God Almighty was going to give us an exodus of the whole colored concern to South America." And what exodus does the good Doctor think that the same beneficence is going to give us for the whole rebel concern, or the whole German concern, or the whole Irish concern, or the whole English or French concern? Above all, what exodus for the whole concern of well-meaning but not very philosophical gentlemen who complacently theorize about the wholesale exportation of the class most valuable to any country, the laborers?

The man of African descent born in America has exactly the same natural rights here, as a man and a native, that the man of European or Asian descent has. All that he asks, and all that any body can fairly ask for him, is that he may be allowed to have the same chance with every other man to enjoy those rights. Why take all the laborious trouble to prove that we must do for him what nobody proposes to do for any one else? He has had immense disadvantages here because he has been enslaved; but even Bishop Hopkins knows perfectly well that he was enslaved not because he was unable to take care of himself, nor because we were so nervously anxious about his eternal salvation, but because other men wanted to be rich without working. The most subtle apologist for slavery never quite dared to assert that the Africans would have been stolen to bring them to God if they had not been wanted to serve Mammon. The very urgency of the plea of Christianizing them only shows the depth of the consciousness of the wrong done them.

There is no question whatever that the only thing necessary at present in regard to them is, that we shall all recover from a prejudice which some of us amusingly call an "instinct," and that every man who has been freed by the war shall be protected against the consequences of that prejudice. The "instinct" against the African race is akin to the old "instinct" against Jews, which would hardly at this day be distinguished by men of sense with so fine a name. We are told that the colored men aspire to social and political equality. Somebody, with a shudder, whispers that they aspire to marry our sons and daughters! Do they? We demand the proof. We challenge any body who says so to state a single instance of the kind, not that he knows, but that he has ever heard of. The fact is, that they no more demand to marry us than we to marry them. Marriage is an affair of mutual inclination, and when there is a general mutual inclination to marriage between the people of different races they will marry. Until then they will not. Social equality is settled by individual taste, not by a theory of races. The people of African descent in this, as in all countries, leave that question to solve itself. Might we not, with advantage, emulate their wisdom?

But they aspire to political equality! Certainly they do. They would be very poor Americans if they did not. Surely, if an emigrant from the Isle of Skye, wretched, ignorant, drunken, degraded, utterly useless, or a nuisance and pest to the country, may justly aspire to political equality, as he does, the moment he sets foot upon our shore, it would be very difficult to show why a man native to the soil, half of whose blood may be the blood of the worthy Mason of Virginia, for instance, or the sober Wigfall of Texas, or the valorous Toombs of Georgia, and who is himself honest, industrious, and intelligent should not aspire? In a Government like ours we would as soon trust to the vote of Frederick Douglass, for instance, as to our own, or to that of the last ship-load of emigrants from any part of the world. If you say that his is an exceptional case, we reply that it is no more exceptional, the numbers and circumstances considered, than any intelligent vote among the mass of voters. If you say that, however worthy an individual may be, yet that the general feeling against the class makes it unwise to do any thing toward enfranchising them, which is the ground of Mr. Doolittle, of Mr. Cowan, and of Mr. Ten Eyck in the Senate, you merely say that the existence of a prejudice makes it wise to yield to it; which may be true so far as any specific act is concerned, but which can never be true as regards the duty of resisting and exposing the prejudice. In other words, there may be a choice of evils. We would not have a law which is not supported by general conviction; for such a law, good or bad, is sure to be evaded and to bring the authority of law into contempt. But we would certainly, by every means possible, endeavor to influence public opinion to demand and to sustain any law based upon natural equity. There is, undoubtedly, a wide opposition to what is called negro suffrage. But that opposition is the sheerest possible prejudice. It is an opposition to the fundamental doctrine of our Government, to experience, and to common-sense. It is an opposition springing from no "instinct," but from a prejudice which inevitably exists against a class whose color is the badge of its enforced servility, and a prejudice which is most carefully cherished by the most despicable partisan appeals. Now, while an opposition of this kind must be accepted by every legislator and by every reasoner as a fact, it is still an opposition which no truly sensible and patriotic man will cease to combat until it disappears. Events themselves combat it, and we have yet to see whether the men who have heroically exposed their lives in defense of the flag to more dangers than any other soldiers are to have less privilege under that flag than all others.

If indeed we mean to limit the suffrage then the conditions must be universal, or we sow the seeds of discord and trouble. We may require a stated intelligence, or a certain property, as a qualification; but if we do, we must not presume against a candidate's satisfaction of the conditions because he is of one race, or country, or color, or another.

We are at war because we have refused to treat one class of our population as we concede that all men should be treated, namely, with perfectly fair play; and we shall be at war until we have conquered the "instinct" which denies to intelligence, moral worth, and industry that absolute equality before the law which we freely allow to ignorance, immorality, and degradation. May the good Providence upon which Dr. Moody relies grant us a sure and speedy exodus for "the whole concern" of such "instincts!"

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE PRESIDENT.

Upon page 373 of this paper we present the latest portrait of the President of the United States. He is represented attended by his two secretaries, Mr. Nicolay seated by his side, and Mr. Hay standing by the table. In this earnest, care-worn face, saddened by a solemn sense of the great responsibility which in God's Providence has devolved upon him, we see the man who said to his neighbors, as he left his home three years ago, that he was called to a graver task than any chief magistrate since Washington, and whose simple faith and devotion bade him ask them to pray for him.

From that moment to this, through three years of tremendous war, beginning amidst clouds and darkness, and gradually emerging into a more cheerful light of hope and final success; through an infinite perplexity of events, which have sometimes elated the bitterest enemies of the national life, and sometimes disheartened its most sanguine friends, the faith of the President has never wavered, nor his hand faltered. And now in the beginning of his last year of office, his policy fully declared, and the army of the Union, freed from baffling jealousies, united and resolved, under a military chief whom even the enemy fears and respects, the President commands a more universal respect, a more thorough confidence among all faithful citizens at home and trusty friends abroad than any President since Washington.

Look thoughtfully at this rugged face. In its candor, its sagacity, its calmness, its steadiness and strength, there is especially conspicuous the distinctive American. The hardy, simple traits of the best American character are there. Turn then to the portrait of General Grant in our paper of three weeks ago, and there you see another purely American face. There are the same homely honesty, capacity, and tenacity, the same utter freedom from every kind of cant and affectation, in each. It is to such men, one in the council, the other in the field, in every fibre, in every heart-beat, in every hope and thought and word, in every instinct and quality, American, that the salvation of American institutions has been providentially intrusted. Children of the people both of them, sprung from the poorest and plainest ancestry, as unpretending and unselfish in their high places to-day as in the time when they were both unknown, these two men illustrate at once the character of American civilization and of the American people. There is but one prayer in the great multitude of American hearts to-day, God bless President Lincoln and General Grant!

SENATOR POWELL'S CONSTITUTIONAL ANXIETY.

Mr. Senator Powell lately proposed in the Senate a vote of censure upon the executive authority of the Government, in closing the offices of two papers which had been made vehicles of a forgery of the President's name to the peril of the country at a most critical moment in the war. Mr. Powell called the act a "violation of the Constitution." But since when has he learned respect for the Constitution? In the Thirty-sixth Congress, when we were not at war, there was a simple proposition to guarantee free speech in the Southern States, the right of free speech in peace being an express provision of the Constitution, and Mr. Senator Powell voted No. If he had voted against a trial by jury he could not more fully have disdained the Constitution. We can assure the Senator that he took no more by his last motion than by his former vote. No one who has watched his course can have the least doubt that in his view nothing is more constitutional than a rebellion to overthrow the Government; and he must be an extraordinary man who believes that the Constitution of the United States would be safer if confided to the interpretation of Mr. Senator Powell and his friends Vallandigham, Cox, and Fernando Wood, with the assistance of the papers that published the forged Proclamation, than it is in the hands of the Administration. These gentlemen are the friends of the rebels; how can they be the friends of the Union and the Constitution?

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, THEN AND NOW.

When the rebel conspiracy was ripening there was entire confidence upon the part of the leaders that the city of New York would stand by them. They counted especially upon the Seventh Regiment. It was the military representation of the fashion and capital of the city, and there could, in their estimation, be no doubt of the course it would take. Little preliminary sops were administered to make every thing pleasant. There was a removal of the remains of Monroe to Virginia, and the Seventh Regiment was the escort. There was a dedication of a Washington Monument in Washington, when a Virginian was the orator and the Seventh was the guard of honor. It would be a very pleasant beginning, it was thought, to have so pretty a regiment ready drilled to serve the aristocractic insurrection.

The insurrection began in Charleston and Baltimore, and while the news of the massacre of loyal troops in the latter city was trembling along the wire, the Seventh Regiment, with ranks fuller than ever before, was marching down Broadway through that tumult of emotion that will never be forgotten. Theodore Winthrop, who had joined it during the week, wrote the sparkling story of its march to Washington. But so sure was the conviction of Southern rebels that the regiment would be true to them and false to the country and Government, that when a friend who was in Mississippi at the time told his host the news of their arrival in Washington, he refused to believe it, and insisted that it could not be. Indeed the prompt movement and heroic front of this regiment was one of the decisive events of the war. It was the first shattering blow to the delusion that party-spirit was stronger in the free States than patriotism. And to the moral effect of its action the historian will add that it has furnished some of the noblest and most efficient officers of the army.

We have been recently reminded of the brilliant record of the Seventh Regiment during the war by a characteristic sneer in the Richmond *Examiner*. General Shaler, who was captured by the rebels with General Seymour in the battle of the Wilderness, was formerly Major of the Seventh Regiment. The rebel paper speaks of the prisoners as follows:

"The two worthies are named Shaler and Seymour; the former has visited Richmond before in his capacity as Captain of a company in the New York Seventh, when that dandy regiment of Gotham cockneys was entertained here on the occasion of the Monroe funeral obsequies. At that time, coming as a friend and (in some sense) compatriot, he and his comrades were received with all the cordial, unsuspicious hospitality of Virginia. Now, ad-

vancing with his crew of cut-throats and fire-raisers, to burn and sack the city in which he has been an honored though unworthy guest, he experienced Virginia's other style of receiving visitors, and will have an opportunity of comparing the Libey with the Ballard. This SHALER, however, has at least kept himself quiet, and has in silence laid up all these things in his mind, and pondered them in his heart."

This is not the manner in which men talk who are sure either of themselves or of their cause.

THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.

WE have attempted to do our share in exposing the relation to our own situation of the French conquest of Mexico. That it is essentially an unfriendly act; that it was begun because our Government was supposed to be ruined; and that our ruin is a cardinal condition of its ultimate success, no man who has considered the subject will deny. What our policy should be is, therefore, a very grave question.

Yet, situated as this country is, there is always one infallible test of every great measure proposed. It is that which NAPOLEON gave to his marshal: "Find out exactly what the enemy wishes you to do, and then with all your might don't do it." The heart of every rebel in the land would leap for joy if we should declare war against France. Is it worth while then to do it?

If not, there is henceforth but one dignified attitude for us until we are ready to demand explanations, and to make war if they are not satisfactory, and that is, silence. Congress, by its Resolution, and the Secretary of State upon several occasions, have declared the invincible repugnance of this country to the project of erecting an Austrian empire by French bayonets upon the ruins of the Mexican republic. We do not here discuss the manner in which the Secretary has done it. But no words can add force to that simple declaration. The substance of the Monroe doctrine is unquestionably a fixed principle of American political faith. Steadily opposed to such a bald iniquity as the French conquest of Mexico, our action in regard to it must be governed by circumstances. If, therefore, Mr. WINTER DAVIS, who is Chairman of the House Committee upon foreign relations, thinks a war with France wise, we hope he will frankly propose it, that the question may be fully discussed. If, however, he is merely making a political demonstration against the general conduct of our foreign policy, we hope he will see that, to stand making faces and doubling up fists and threatening, without striking, is *not* a dignified attitude for the United States.

THE NATIONAL LOANS.

THE confidence of the people in their cause and their Government is shown in nothing more significantly than in the unflagging ardor with which the Government loans are taken. They give every man who invests a direct personal interest in the maintenance of the Government in which he thus becomes a stockholder. The subscriptions to the 10-40 loan reported at the Treasury up to the 28th of May amounted to a hundred and sixty millions of dollars. Could there be a more desirable or safer investment? It is to be redeemed in coin, and although the rate of interest is only five per cent. in gold, it is now equal to nine per cent. in currency. It is exempt also from State or local taxation, which may be reckoned to add two or three per cent. more to its annual value, making a productive security which might satisfy even Shylock himself. It continues to be taken at the rate of nearly a million a day.

The argument of an overpowering and unmanageable debt drawn from the history of other countries does not apply to this. The power of producing wealth upon this continent is almost infinite. It can be measured only by our resources, and they are incalculable. After some centuries, said MACAULAY, when your population is as numerous as ours, you may know something of our perplexities and troubles. But it is well for us that our great and costly struggle occurs in the very vigor and flush of our youth, with an exhaustless continent subject to an indomitable energy.

"THE LOUISVILLE NATIONAL UNION PRESS."

THIS is the title of a daily paper lately established in Louisville, Kentucky, as the organ of the genuine Union sentiment of the State. Its publisher, Mr. L. A. CIVILL, is known to us as a gentleman of high character and admirable capacity, and the numbers of the paper which we have seen are an earnest of the skill and ability with which it is to be edited. The *Union Press* is unconditionally Union. It belongs to no party but that of intelligent loyal men who understand that the United States are a nation, not a league or a confederacy, and that consequently the doctrine of supreme State sovereignty is a treasonable chimera. It believes that slavery is the real cause of the rebellion, and that, as the conspirators have used slavery as a means of destroying the nation, the nation is rightfully destroying slavery to save itself. The *Union Press* is full of good matter, neatly printed, and we cordially commend it as an illustration of that Border-State fidelity which was thought by many hardly to exist. It will be for that reason a valuable visitor in any household in the country.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*May* 25. The House bill making an appropriation of $928,000 as an award for damages from the depredations of the Sioux Indians was passed.—An amendment of the Tax bill, making the tax on a barrel of lager beer, ale, beer, or other fermented liquors, $1 25 instead of $1 50, was agreed to.——*May* 26. Mr. Johnson offered a resolution calling upon the President for information as to the delivery of Señor Arguelles to the Spanish authorities.—Mr. Powell offered a resolution characterizing the act of the Administration in suppressing the publication of the New York *World* and the *Journal of Commerce* as a violation of the Constitution.——*May* 27. Mr. Sumner submitted a resolution "That a State pretending to secede from the Union, and battling against the National Government to maintain their position, must be regarded as a rebel State, subject to military occupation, and without representation on this floor until it has been readmitted by a vote of both Houses of Congress, and the Senate will decline to entertain any application from any such rebel State until after such a vote of both Houses." This resolution was intimated by Mr. Sumner to have reference to the case of Mr. Fishback, of Arkansas, who claims to have been elected United States Senator from that State. Mr. Fishback was formerly an avowed Secessionist.—Mr. Wade's bill to amend the act to enable the people of Colorado to form a Constitution and State Government was passed. It changes the time for holding the election authorized under the provisions of the bill.——*May* 28. The joint resolution to amend the charter of the city of Washington in regard to the registration of voters was passed, the Senate rejecting the amendment allowing persons to be registered as voters who have heretofore borne arms, without distinction of color.—Mr. Doolittle introduced a joint resolution voting the thanks of Congress to Colonel Bailey, of the Nineteenth Army Corps, and directing that a gold medal be prepared for presentation to him, under the direction of the President of the United States, as a recognition of the invaluable engineering ability displayed by him in devising and constructing works which enabled Admiral Porter's fleet to pass over the falls of Red River.—Subsequently, in executive session, a communication was received from the President nominating Colonel Bailey for Brevet Brigadier-General.—The Senate struck out from the Internal Revenue bill the clause taxing domestic spirits on hand.——*May* 30. The Tax bill was discussed without any conclusive action.——*May* 31. Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, submitted a preamble and resolution charging against General Butler complicity with the rebellion in its incipient stages, and calling for a committee to investigate the charges.—The Internal Revenue bill was then taken up, and a number of amendments and provisions were acted upon. A proposed amendment of Mr. Powell, in effect abolishing the bounties paid by the Government to the Eastern fishermen, caused a long and very animated discussion, in which the character and virtues of New England, her people and institutions, were assailed by Messrs. Powell and Davis, and defended by Messrs. Morrill, Fessenden, Howe, M'Dougall, and Wilkinson. A vote was finally taken on Mr. Powell's amendment, and it was defeated.

HOUSE.—*May* 25. The joint resolution that the undistributed portion of books and documents purchased by each House previous to the Thirty-seventh Congress be distributed to the present members and delegates was passed.—The Speaker laid before the House the reply of President Lincoln to the resolution adopted yesterday, inclosing the correspondence between Secretary Seward and Mr. Dayton relative to the resolution adopted by the House against the invasion of Mexico by France. Mr. Seward says that it is practically an Executive question; that it does not belong to Congress to take action in the premises, and that while the President receives the unanimous declaration of the House with the profound respect to which it is entitled, he directs Mr. Dayton to inform the French Government that he does not intend to depart from our heretofore enunciated policy concerning the French occupation of Mexico.—A report from the Committee of Conference on the Army bill was made, and a long debate followed on the equalization of the pay of soldiers. The House insisted upon its action that there shall be no distinction in pay in consequence of color.——*May* 26. The Reciprocity question was disposed of. After rejecting a substitute proposing a commission to negotiate a new treaty, and another authorizing the President to give the stipulated notice for the termination of the present treaty, the House, by a vote of 78 to 72, postponed the consideration of the whole subject until the second Tuesday of December.—The Senate bill providing for the payment of claims of Peruvian citizens under the Convention with Peru was passed.——*May* 27. The Senate bill modifying the existing law so that documents and letters may be sent to Government officers without the prepayment of postage was passed.——*May* 30. A bill appropriating $250,000 for the repair and preservation of the works for the benefit of commerce on the lakes, and $100,000 for similar purposes on the sea-board, was passed.—A bill was also passed extending the time fixed in the act of June, 1856, for commencing the construction of the Marquette and Ontonagon Railroad, in Michigan, for which the public lands were at that period appropriated.—The House, resuming the consideration of the Kentucky contested election case of M'Henry against Yeaman, by a vote of 96 yeas against 26 nays, adopted the resolution declaring Mr. Yeaman entitled to retain his seat.—The Committee on Military Affairs was instructed to inquire by what authority and under whose direction the rebels are interspersed with the National soldiers throughout the various hospitals of Washington, and as to the comparative treatment of the rebel and Union soldiers in the hospitals.—Mr. Lazear offered a long preamble, concluding with a resolution that the President be required to adopt measures for the suspension of hostilities between the North and South and an armistice, in order that in the mean time a Convention may be called of all the States, with a view to the restoration of the Union with their Constitutional rights. Objection was made, when Mr. Lazear moved a suspension of the rules, pending which the House adjourned.——*May* 31. A bill to carry into effect cousular conventions with France, England, and other nations was passed. It provides that consul-generals, consuls, and commercial agents shall have jurisdiction over the officers and crews of the vessels of their respective countries in foreign waters, in cases of controversy respecting wages and other subjects.—The bill authorizing the President to construct a military railroad from the Ohio Valley to East Tennessee was passed, after a brief discussion, by a vote of 64 against 56.—The bill incorporating the People's Pacific Railroad and Telegraph Company, and giving alternate sections of land toward the construction of the line, which is to extend from Lake Superior to Puget's Sound, was also passed by a vote of 74 against 50.

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

The week has developed some important events in General Grant's campaign. Our record closed with the retreat of Lee beyond the North Anna River, our forces vigorously pursuing. On Monday, 23d, the Second and Fifth corps, having crossed that river, pushed steadily forward, closely followed by the Sixth and Ninth, driving the enemy before them, until Lee took up a strong position some two miles beyond the river. In crossing the river, on the extreme left of our position, the Second corps assaulted and carried, without any considerable opposition, several formidable lines of works. Birney's Division, which, on the night previous, carried the rebel rifle-pits on the north side of the river, led the crossing, capturing about fifty of the enemy's riflemen. On the right, opposite Duck's Mills Ford, Warren advanced in the morning, cutting the Virginia Central Railroad, and establishing himself in position at Noel's Station. Our total loss on Tuesday, in all the engagements, did not exceed 150. On Monday we lost between 500 and 600. About 1200 prisoners were taken from the enemy. Our troops, during Tuesday and Wednesday, tore up and destroyed nearly six miles of track on the Virginia Central Railroad west of Sexton's Junction, on the Richmond and Fredericksburg road, and our cavalry seriously damaged the rebel communications in other directions.

During Thursday night General Grant suddenly withdrew his army to the north side of the North Anna River, and moved rapidly in a southeasterly direction to Hanovertown on the Pamunkey River. Hanovertown is some twenty-five miles from the point at which Grant crossed the North Anna, and is only sixteen miles from Richmond. In the forward movement the cavalry led the advance, the First and Second divisions taking possession of Hanover Ferry and Hanovertown at nine o'clock on Friday morning, and capturing seventy-five men who were stationed at that point. The Sixth Corps came up soon after, and by Saturday noon the entire army had crossed the Pamunkey, having thus, in thirty-six hours, marched nearly thirty miles, crossed two rivers, and reached a position far on the flank of the enemy.

General Grant, having crossed his army, at once advanced and took up a position three miles south of the Pamunkey, awaiting the development of the strength and position of the enemy. During the same day (Saturday) two divisions of our cavalry engaged the enemy, driving him about a mile. Our loss was 54 killed and 300 wounded. Most of the killed of the enemy and many of his wounded fell into our hands.

On Monday dispositions for an attack were made by General Grant, Wilson's cavalry being ordered meanwhile to destroy the railroad bridges over the Little River and South Anna, and break up both roads from these rivers to two miles southwest of Hawes's Shop, where the head-quarters of our army were established. On Monday evening the enemy attacked our position, but were repulsed. General Grant, in a dispatch dated Tuesday morning, says: "The enemy came over on our left last evening and attacked. They were easily repulsed, and with very considerable slaughter. To relieve General Warren, who was on the left, speedily, General Meade ordered an attack by the rest of our lines. General Hancock was the only one who received the order in time to make the attack before dark. He drove the enemy from his intrenched skirmish line, and still holds it. I have no report of our losses, but suppose them to be light."

Other official dispatches, not from General Grant, give more details. They are as follows, the first being dated Monday, May 30, at eight o'clock P.M.:

"In the course of the afternoon Warren had pushed down on our left, until his flank division, under Crawford, reached a point abreast of Shady Grove Church. Crawford having got detached from the rest of the corps, was attacked and crowded back a little. The enemy then threw a force, which appears to have consisted of Ewell's corps, upon Warren's left, attempting to turn it, but were repulsed. The engagement was short, sharp, and decisive.

"Warren holds his ground at a distance of seven miles from Richmond. He reports that he has taken a considerable number of prisoners, and that there are many rebel dead on the field. Of his own losses he has not yet made report. His latest dispatch says the enemy are moving troops to his left, apparently to cover the approach to Richmond in that direction. On our right an active conflict has been raging ever since dark, but has just closed. As soon as the enemy attacked the left of Warren, Wright and Hancock were ordered to pitch in, but do not seem to have got ready until after nightfall."

The other dispatch above referred to is dated at six o'clock Tuesday morning, and states that, on Hancock's attack last night, Colonel Brooks drove the enemy out of a strongly-intrenched skirmish line, and holds it. The losses are not reported. Burnside's whole corps got across the Tolopatomoy Creek last evening, and is in full connection with Warren's. The left of Hancock's rests upon this side of the Creek. The Sixth Corps is upon Hancock's right, and threatens the left flank of the enemy. Sheridan, with Gregg's and Torbert's divisions of cavalry, is on our left flank. Wilson is on the right and rear, for purposes named above. The country thereabout is thickly wooded with pines, with few good openings. The latest indications are that the enemy has fallen back south of the Chickahominy.

INCIDENTAL MOVEMENTS IN GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

Upon the advance of General Grant's army, preparations were at once made for the evacuation of Fredericksburg and Aquia Creek, and by the close of last week all our sick and wounded, together with our army material and supplies, had been removed, and the country was abandoned to guerrillas. Our outpost troops, guarding the railroads and stations in front of Washington, were also drawn in for service elsewhere; this gave the Mosby rough-riders a fine opportunity to exhibit their destructive proclivities, and they accordingly set to work to destroy all the buildings from Union Mills down to the Rapidan, consisting of block-houses, warehouses, etc., which they accomplished most effectually by firing them. As General Grant now has his base on York River he is not at all incommoded by the raids. For a few days supplies were sent by way of Port Royal, on the Rappahannock, but Grant's passage of the Pumunkey made that river and the York the natural channels of communication with his army.

On the 30th General Hunter, who is moving down the Shenandoah Valley, had reached Edinburg, where he found the enemy, 4000 strong, in his front. Edinburg is about fifty miles northwest of Gordonsville, which is probably his objective point. His first office, however, is to guard the Shenandoah Valley.

MOVEMENTS ON THE PENINSULA.

On Tuesday, May 24, General Fitzhugh Lee, with about 2000 cavalry, and some infantry and artillery, attacked our garrison at Wilson's Landing, on the north side of the James River, below Powhatan. The garrison consisted of two negro regiments under General Wild. Before the attack Lee sent a flag, stating that he had force enough to take the place, demanded its surrender, and in that case the garrison should be turned over to the authorities at Richmond as prisoners of war; but if this proposition was rejected he would not be answerable for the consequences when he took the place. General Wild replied, "We will try that." The enemy, after desperate fighting, were repulsed and driven back in disorder, leaving between 200 and 300 in killed and wounded on the field. Our loss was 40 wounded and 7 killed. One rebel Major was killed, a rebel Colonel was made prisoner, and 10 privates were also captured. On the same day General Gillmore went on a reconnoissance from our intrenched position, met the enemy, and after a fight of an hour and a half defeated them, with very slight loss on our side.

On the 25th a slight skirmish took place about three miles from City Point, up the Appomattox River, between pickets. The enemy were routed. The advance of General Grant has an important bearing on General Butler's position, and none but defensive operations have taken place since the 25th. The Eighteenth Army Corps and some regiments of the Tenth Corps were on the 29th brought down the James River from Butler's Army and sent up the York. Of this movement, Secretary Stanton, in a bulletin of the 30th, says: "A portion of General Butler's forces at Bermuda Hundred, not required for defensive operations there, has been transferred, under command of General Smith, to the Army of the Potomac, and is supposed by this time to have formed a junction. No change in the command of the Department of Virginia has been made. General Butler remains in full command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, and continues at the head of his force in the field."

On Monday, the 30th, the rebels attacked Butler's position, but every assault was repulsed. On Tuesday morning the rebels again began to make demonstrations against our position at Bermuda, but up to the date of the last dispatch nothing had been effected. It is quite likely that these demonstrations are for the purpose of covering the withdrawal of a large portion of Beauregard's force.

In reference to the rebel losses in the Peninsula campaign, a letter to the New York *Herald*, dated 26th ult., says: "Late Petersburg papers acknowledge a loss in Beauregard's army, in wounded, so far as they have been admitted to two or three general hospitals, of three thousand and forty. To these must be added the killed, the wounded not sent to hospital, and those who fell into our hands. Adding the number of prisoners in our hands, the enemy's loss up to the 16th inst. was not less than six thousand. In the fight of Friday last they acknowledge a loss of over six hundred and fifty. Our losses at the battle of Palmer's Creek and other smaller engagements amount to about three thousand, including both killed and wounded. About three thousand four hundred wounded have been sent to Fortress Monroe; but this number includes all the wounded of General Kautz's and Sheridan's commands, and also the rebel wounded brought in by General Sheridan. These figures may be relied on as correct in every respect."

THE CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA.

General Sherman's march is still onward. Our record last week closed with the occupation of Kingston and the line of the Etowah River by our forces on the 19th ult. From that point, on the 24th, having brought up his supplies, General Sherman resumed his march, pushing in a southwesterly direction for Altoona, situated some twenty miles distant, on the Western and Atlantic Railroad. Flanking this position, which is said to be even stronger than Atlanta, the army pressed forward toward Dallas, lying some twenty miles almost directly south of Altoona. Here we came up with the enemy, and on Saturday, the 28th, an engagement took place between them and M'Pherson's corps, in which the rebels were driven back, with a loss to them of 2500 killed and wounded left in our hands, and about 300 prisoners. General M'Pherson's loss was not over 300 in all.

General Sherman's head-quarters were still at Dallas at the latest accounts. Dallas is about thirty-two miles from Atlanta.

GENERAL BANKS'S CAMPAIGN.

General Banks, with a part of his army, arrived at New Orleans on the 21st of May. In moving across the country during his retreat from Alexandria General Banks left the Red River at Fort De Russy, and struck for Semmesport, where he crossed the Atchafalaya, and then marched to Morganza, on the Mississippi. A. J. Smith's command also marched to Semmesport, and there embarked in transports. General Smith had a spirited engagement with Polignac's rebel division on the 8th ult., defeating it, driving it several miles, and capturing 300 prisoners. The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded is stated at 500. General Smith's command arrived at Vicksburg in transports on the 24th ult. Late dispatches from General Canby state that he is actively engaged in resupplying the troops brought back by General Steele and General Banks, and organizing the forces of the West Mississippi Division, which now comprehends the Departments of Missouri, Arkansas, and Louisiana. Generals Rosecrans, Steele, and Banks remain in command of their respective departments, under the order of General Canby, as Division Commander, his military relations being the same as that formerly exercised by General Grant, and now exercised by General Sherman, over the Departments of the Ohio, the Cumberland, and the Tennessee.

NAVAL AND MILITARY ITEMS.

Brigadier-Generals Gibbon and Dodge have been nominated Major-Generals of Volunteers. General Oglesby has resigned, and General Buell has been mustered out. General Oglesby has tendered his resignation three times, and it is accepted now for the purpose of making a vacancy for General Dodge. General Oglesby has been nominated as the Union candidate for Governor of Illinois. General Buell was mustered out for refusing to accept a command under General Canby.

Generals Beauregard and Forest, and Lieutenant Governor I. G. Harris, have paid the direct tax upon their real estate in Tennessee, through agents or attorneys. This appears from an official letter from the Tax Commissioner of Tennessee.

It appears from the rolls of the Medical Director that 28,000 men have been sent to hospitals from battle-fields in the present campaign. About 2000 of the number are not wounded, but sick. A considerable number are rebel wounded. As there was but little artillery used in the engagement between Grant and Lee the proportion of serious cases is unusually small, and a large number of the wounded will be able to return to the field in a few weeks.

The rebel privateer *Florida* landed at Martinique, May 4, the crew of a bark from Sombrero, guano laden, which she had captured and burned. The bark is supposed to have been the *David Lapsley*, of and for Philadelphia.

It appears that General J. E. B. Stuart was shot by a private of the Fifth Michigan Cavalry, named Dunn. The bullet entered the right side of the rebel officer, and came out at the left. As the General fell, Dunn exclaimed, "Colonel, there is a spread eagle for you!" It was not suspected who the General was.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Cleveland Radical Convention, which assembled on the 30th ult., on the following day nominated for President General John C. Frémont; and for Vice-President, General John Cochrane. The platform declared for the Union, the Constitution and the laws, the suppression of the rebellion without compromise, the rights of free speech, free press, and *habeas corpus*, the Constitutional prohibition of Slavery—for integrity and economy, for confiscation, the right of asylum, the Monroe doctrine, the one-term policy, etc. A committee of five was appointed to report a plan of party organization, and a *name* for the party.

The cash receipts of the Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair at St. Louis have already reached $325,000.

Joshua R. Giddings died suddenly at Montreal on the 27th ult.

The New Hampshire Union State Convention has declared in favor of the renomination of President Lincoln.

An interesting debate took place in the rebel Congress on the 23d, upon a series of resolutions from North Carolina, asking for the appointment of commissioners to obtain an armistice of ninety days from the Union Government, with a view to obtain peace. The resolutions were tabled.

Over 1000 contrabands arrived at Washington on Monday from the region covered by General Grant's operations.

The Old-School Presbyterian General Assembly, in session at Newark, New Jersey, has adopted strong anti-slavery resolutions.

The draft in New Jersey has been nearly completed. In Kentucky it is still in progress. Hundreds of negroes in that State are enlisting.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN AFFAIR.

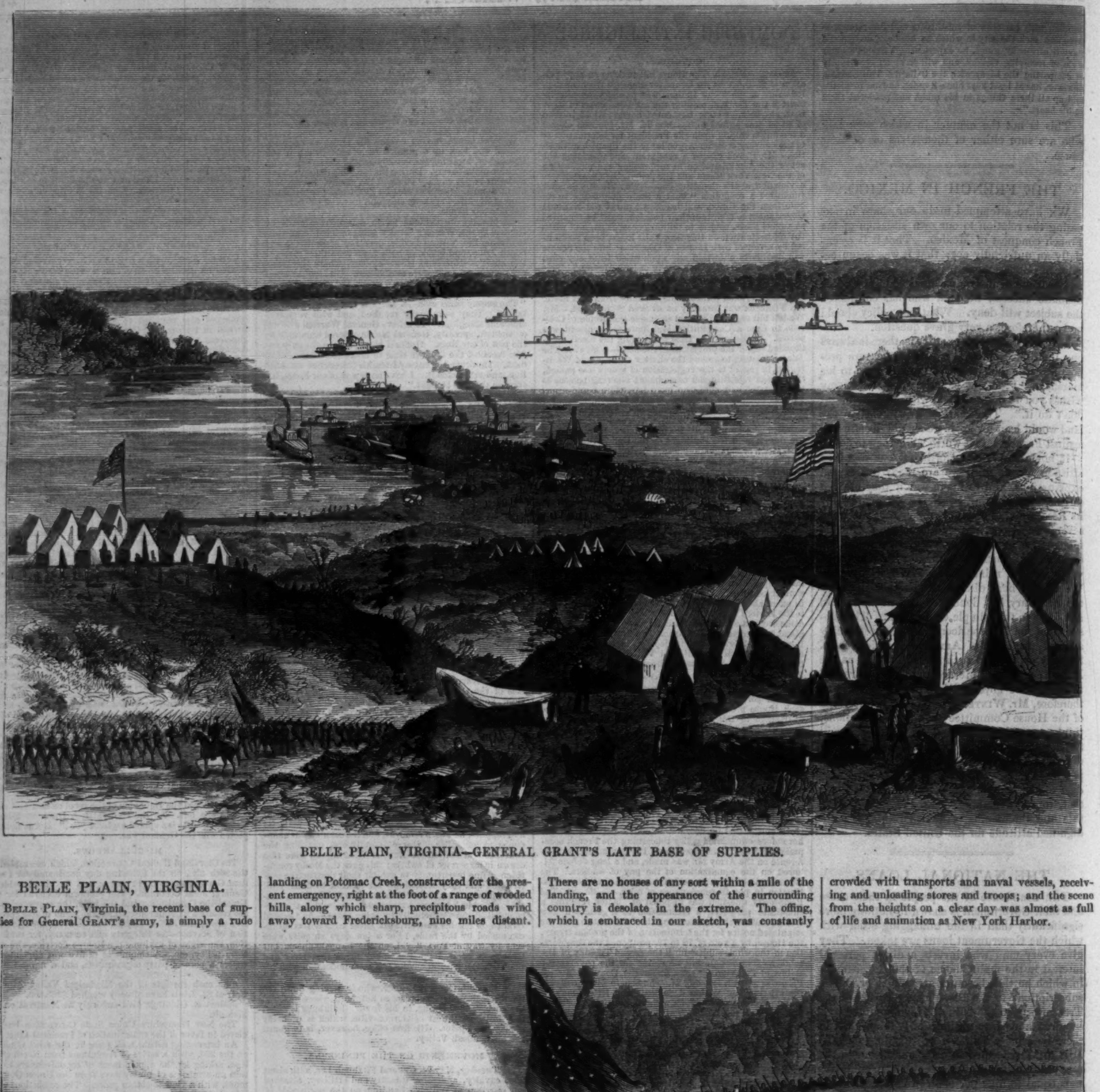
THE Dano-German Conference had another session in London on the 17th of May, but there is no report of progress toward a peace settlement. On the contrary, it seemed as if the Schleswig-Holstein affair was becoming more complicated, owing to the wily diplomacy of Russia, the peculiar policy of Napoleon, the obstinacy of Prussia, and the very feeble position assumed and maintained by England. It was thought probable that England would on this very subject be dragged into a naval war.—It is said that France urges in the Conference the prolongation of the suspension of hostilities beyond the stipulated period. The Prince of Augustenburg had entered Altona, in Holstein, amidst much enthusiasm, and a manifesto in his favor had been issued, bearing the signatures of more than 1300 members of the representative bodies of the German States.

BRITISH SHIP-OWNERS AND PRIVATEERING.

The Liverpool ship-owners are beginning to exhibit great alarm at the prospect of retaliation for the rebel fleet by means of American privateers preying on English commerce should Great Britain be engaged in a war with any considerable Power. A number of shipping firms in that town united in a memorial to the House of Commons setting forth the danger to which British shipping may be exposed under a state of affairs which permits a belligerent to construct and send to sea vessels of war from neutral ports, as the *Alabama* and *Georgia*, and praying that measures be adopted by the Government, in conjunction with that of the United States and other Powers, to prevent such a state of things.

FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES.

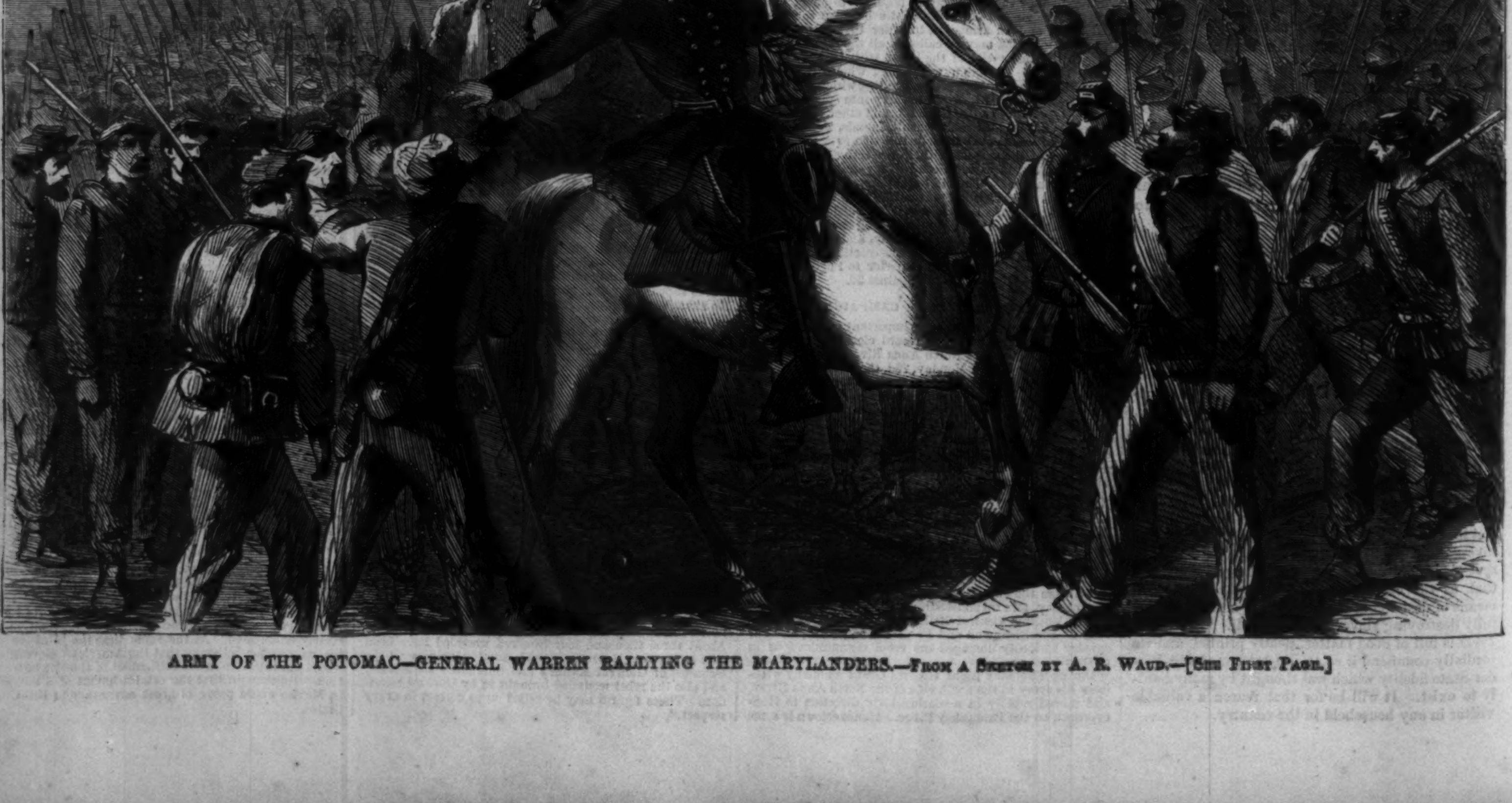
The French Minister of State, in a recent debate in the Legislative Chambers, declared that the Government, ten days ago, had given orders not to allow certain ships, which were suspected of building in French ports for the rebel service, to leave France till their destination was clearly established. At the same time the Minister gave his reasons for believing that the American Government would not interfere in the settlement of the Mexican question. He thought that the establishment of a monarchy in Mexico would prove of great advantage to the United States.



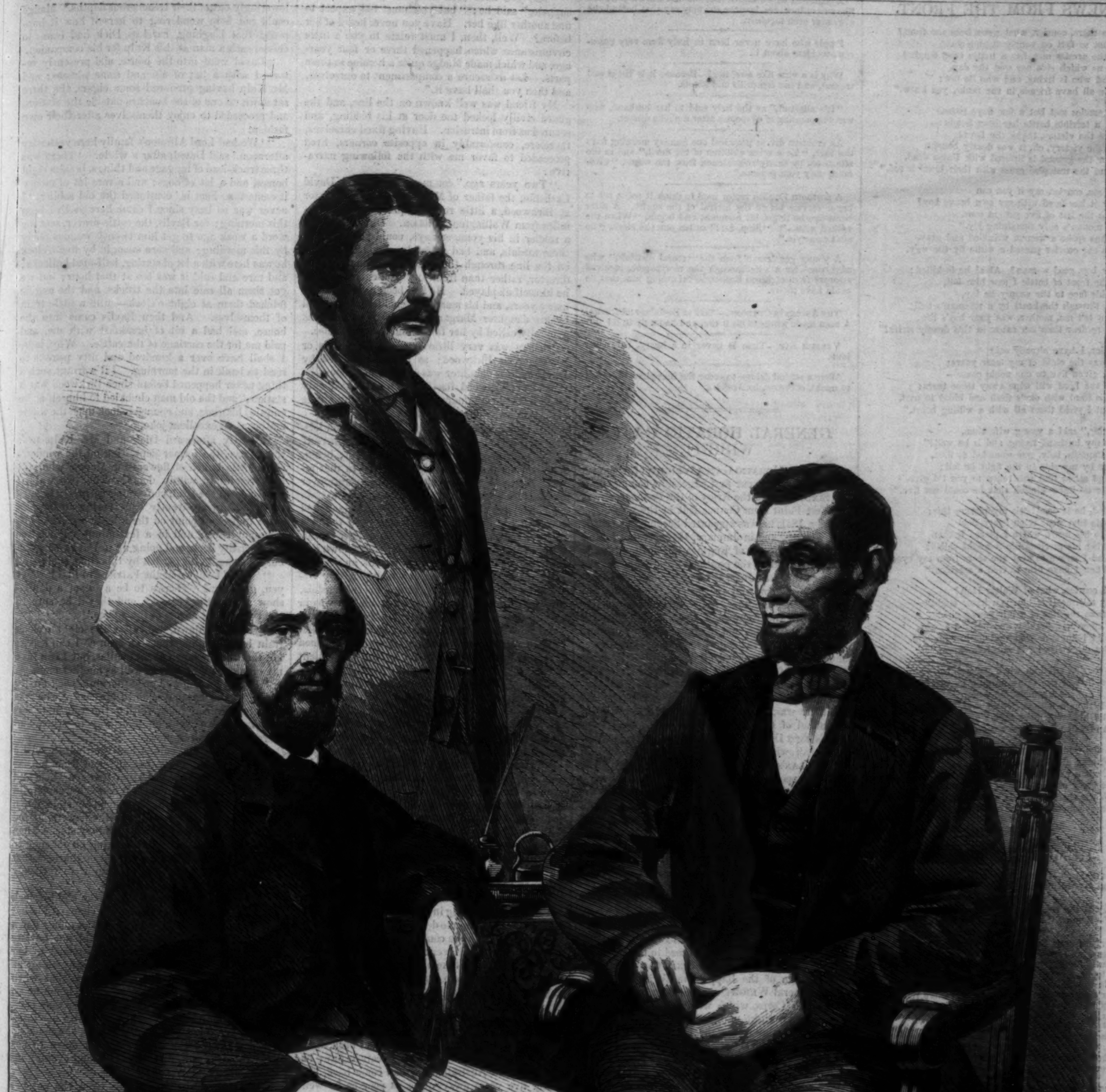
BELLE PLAIN, VIRGINIA—GENERAL GRANT'S LATE BASE OF SUPPLIES.

BELLE PLAIN, VIRGINIA.

Belle Plain, Virginia, the recent base of supplies for General Grant's army, is simply a rude landing on Potomac Creek, constructed for the present emergency, right at the foot of a range of wooded hills, along which sharp, precipitous roads wind away toward Fredericksburg, nine miles distant. There are no houses of any sort within a mile of the landing, and the appearance of the surrounding country is desolate in the extreme. The offing, which is embraced in our sketch, was constantly crowded with transports and naval vessels, receiving and unloading stores and troops; and the scene from the heights on a clear day was almost as full of life and animation as New York Harbor.



ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GENERAL WARREN RALLYING THE MARYLANDERS.—From a Sketch by A. R. Waud.—[See First Page.]



PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND HIS SECRETARIES.—[SEE PAGE 370.]

NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

"HOLD there, courier, what news from the front?
Go not so fast on your galloping way!
Have the armies met, has a battle been fought?
Tell us which side has won the day,
And who is living, and who lie low;
We all have friends in the ranks, you know."

"The armies met but a few days since,
And a terrible battle has been fought;
We are the victors, thank the Lord!
But the victory, oh, it was dearly bought,
For the ground is littered with Union dead,
And the trampled grass with their blood is red."

"Tell me, courier, say if you can
How it has fared with my own brave boy?
He was the last of five gallant sons,
His mother's only remaining joy."
Thus spoke a woman wrinkled and gray,
As the courier paused a while by the way.

"Your boy, good woman? Alas! he is killed;
In the front of battle I saw him fall,
With his face to the enemy he lay,
Shot through the heart by a rifleman's ball;
But tell me, mother, was your boy's life
More dear than our cause in this deadly strife?"

"Courier, I have already said
He was the child of my later years;
I have given five to our noble cause—
And the Lord will wipe away these tears;
'Tis hard with one's flesh and blood to part,
But I yield them all with a willing heart."

"Courier," said a young wife then,
"Is my husband living, and is he well?"
"My Captain, lady, was wounded at first,
Close by my side in the fight he fell;
And asked that this token to you I'd give,
For he knew himself that he could not live."

"O God, he is dead! 'tis my picture this;
I bade him wear it on every field
Close to his heart, where I placed it then,
Praying his precious life it might shield;
And I strove to keep the tears from my eyes
When I gave him to God a sacrifice!"

"And, courier, what of Walter Holt?
Pray tell me if of him you know aught"—
This from the lips of a fair young girl.
"I know how bravely and well he fought,
And I know as well that he lost an arm,
But otherwise he is safe from harm."

"Oh, courier, tell him when you return
How that of one thing he may be sure:
That I am his whenever he will;
And 'though he has lost an arm, and is poor,
Bid him remember that I have two,
And will prove what a Yankee girl can do."

Then the courier spurred his foaming steed,
Thinking aloud as he rode away:
"Oh, when will the night of battle clear,
And show us the dawn of a brighter day,
When these groans of anguish and grief shall cease
In the golden sunrise of perfect peace?"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

GARIBALDI'S HYMN.—Nonsense! Speak grammatically, and say Garibaldi's *He*.

Why is the top of a bald man's head like the North Pole?—Because it is a great bear (bare) place.

PUTTING YOUR FOOT IN IT.—"Putting your foot in it," it seems, is a term of legitimate origin. According to the "Asiatic Researches," a very curious mode of trying the title to land is practiced in Hindostan. Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the lawyer on either side put one of their legs, and there remain until one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by insects; in which case his client is defeated. In our country it is generally the client, and not the lawyer, who "puts his foot in it."

When is a woman like a watch?—When she is capp'd and jeweled.

THE GIRL I LOVE.—Oyster Patty.

Dr. Mead, calling one day on a gentleman who had been severely afflicted with the gout, found, to his surprise, the disease gone and the patient rejoicing on his recovery over a bottle of wine. "Come along, doctor," exclaimed he, "you are just in time to taste this bottle of Madeira; it is first of a pipe that has just been broached." "Ah!" replied the doctor, shaking his head, "these pipes of Madeira are the cause of all your suffering." "Well, then," rejoined the gay incurable, "fill your glass; for now we have found out the cause, the sooner we get rid of it the better."

TURNIPS.—A farmer, by chance a companion in a coach with Sydney Smith, kept boring him to death with questions, in the jargon of agriculturists, about crops. At length he put a poser: "And pray, Sir, how are turnips t'year?" "Why, that, Sir," stammered out Smith, "will depend upon the boiled legs of mutton."

A drunken fellow, sitting on the steps of St. Paul's church, the cold wind blowing chillingly round the corner, thus soliloquized, "If Heaven (hic) tempers the wind to the (hic) shorn lamb, I wish the lamb (hic) was on this corner."

There is an anecdote of an honest Irishman, whose mingled sense of the duty of gratitude and the awkwardness of obligation found vent in the characteristic aspiration, "Oh, that I could see your honor knocked down in a fight! Sure, and wouldn't I bring a faction to the rescue!"

A vendor of hoops was recently extolling his wares in presence of a customer's husband. "No lady should be without one of these beautiful skirts," said the vendor. "Well, of course not," dryly remarked the husband, "she should be *within* them."

A countryman was shown Gainsborough's celebrated picture of "The Pigs." "To be sure," said he, "they be deadly like pigs; but there is one fault—nobody ever saw three pigs feeding together but what one on 'em had a foot in the trough."

A few days since a dunner called on a young gentleman and presented him a bill, when he was somewhat taken aback by the gent taking him aside and blandly saying: "My dear Sir, call next Thursday, and I'll tell you when to call again."

The late Lord Petersham, a great dandy, possessed a cellar of snuff, arranged in jars, said to have been worth three thousand pounds. He had the finest collection of boxes in England, and had a box for every day in the year. On a beautiful old light blue Sevrès box being particularly admired, he would lisp out affectedly, "Yes, it's a nice summer box; but it doesn't do for winter wear."

Partly fulfilling a promise is like breaking your word and offering some of the bits.

A neglected wife declares that she and her husband are like two mile-stones, because she may say that he and she are never seen together.

People who have never been in Italy form very *macaronious* ideas about it.

Why is a vine like a soldier?—Because it is 'listed and trained, and has ten-drills and shoots.

"It's all stuff," as the lady said to her husband, who was complaining of dyspepsia after a public dinner.

An eminent divine preached one Sunday morning from the text, "Ye are the children of the devil," and in the afternoon, by funny coincidence, from the words, "Children, obey your parents."

A northern English rector used to think it polite not to begin service before the arrival of the squire. A little while ago he forgot his manners, and began, "When the wicked man—" "Stop, Sir!" called out the clerk, "he ain't come yet."

A young gentleman from the "rooral districts," who advertised for a wife through the newspapers, received answers from eighteen husbands, informing him that he could have theirs.

THE ANCIENTS OUTDONE.—Talk of Dædalus and Icarus! A man made wings to his house, and had a fly in it!

VERBUM SAP.—Time is never in a hurry, but never idles.

Were a second deluge to occur the best place to retreat to would, of course, be *New-ark*.

GENERAL HORATIO GATES WRIGHT.

GENERAL HORATIO GATES WRIGHT, of whom we give a portrait on our first page, now commanding the Sixth Corps of the Army of the Potomac, entered West Point from Connecticut in the year 1837. In July, 1841, he was appointed Second Lieutenant of Engineers, and in January, 1842, became Acting Assistant Professor of Engineering in the Military Academy, holding the position to August of the following year. In July, 1844, he was appointed Assistant Professor, and in the spring of 1848 was made a First Lieutenant, becoming subsequently Captain, in the Engineer Corps. In 1861 he was promoted to Major, and in September of the same year was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and placed in command of the Third Brigade of SHERMAN'S forces, which participated in the Port Royal expedition. When the Army of the South was reorganized, under General HUNTER, General WRIGHT was, on the 23d of May, 1862, placed in command of the Third Brigade of General BENHAM'S First Division. Subsequently he was ordered North with his brigade, and participated in M'CLELLAN'S Peninsular Campaign. In July, 1862, he was appointed a Major-General of Volunteers, and ordered to the Military Department of the Ohio, with head-quarters at Cincinnati. He held this command during the advance of BRAGG'S army through East Tennessee and Kentucky to the Ohio River, and by his ability aided in organizing forces for the protection of Cincinnati. He retained this position until March 26, 1863, when, in consequence of the Senate refusing to confirm his appointment of Major-General, he was relieved by General BURNSIDE, and ordered to report to head-quarters for assignment.

For a short time General WRIGHT was kept unemployed, but was at last assigned to the command of the First Division of the Sixth Corps. During the passage of the Rappahannock in November, 1863, General WRIGHT was placed in command of the Sixth Corps, which was attached to General SEDGWICK'S right wing of that army. At the storming of the works the command of General WRIGHT particularly distinguished itself, and General MEADE, in his general order of November 9, 1863, complimented not only General WRIGHT as corps commander, but particularly mentioned the division so recently under his charge.

When the Army of the Potomac was reorganized during March, 1864, under General MEADE, for the present campaign, General WRIGHT was assigned to the command of the First Division of the Sixth Army Corps. Upon General SEDGWICK'S death he succeeded to the command of the corps, and has just been renominated as a Major-General.

THE STATION-MASTER'S DAUGHTER.

I HAD lost sight of my old college chum, Fred Pepper, for several years, till I accepted an invitation from him last autumn to stay a week with him at his home in one of the midland counties. According to arrangement, he met me at Wallington Junction, a station about twenty miles from his house, the remainder of the journey having to be performed on a branch line of railway.

"You will have to take a fresh ticket here," said Fred, after I had alighted from the train, and we had greeted each other with a hearty shake of the hand. "You will find the booking-office at the upper end of the platform."

I went to the window indicated by my friend, and obtained the needful ticket; noticing at the same time that I was waited upon by a young woman—rather an unusual case in England, I believe, though not so unfrequent in Scotland; quite a mite of a young woman, so slenderly proportioned was she, so slight of figure; with large, shy, brown eyes, and brown hair; with small, pale, clearly-cut features; hardly to be called pretty, but with an expression of candor and good temper that was infinitely pleasing. Whatever touches of adornment the otherwise dingy office had received were due to her busy little fingers; to her evidently belonged the three pots of scarlet geraniums, and the box of mignonnette in the window; the canary, lively and loud-voiced, in its circular wire cage; the elaborate piece of embroidery on the desk; and a green-backed volume of poems.

"Are all your booking-clerks in this part of the country as charming as the one who has just waited on me?" inquired I of Fred.

"Ah, you have seen little Madge Carliston, I suppose," said he; "but you must not expect to find another like her. Have you never heard of her before? Well, then, I must relate to you a little circumstance which happened three or four years ago, and which made Madge quite a heroine in these parts. Let us secure a compartment to ourselves, and then you shall have it."

My friend was well known on the line, and the guard civilly locked the door at his bidding, and secured us from intrusion. Having fixed ourselves, therefore, comfortably in opposite corners, Fred proceeded to favor me with the following narrative:

"Two years ago," commenced he, "old David Carliston, the father of Madge, was station-master at Birkwood, a little road-side place about fifteen miles from Wallington Junction. David had been a soldier in his younger days, could show two or three medals, and had probably obtained his post on the line through the interest of some friendly director, rather than from any particular aptitude he himself displayed. He had been a widower for many years, and his small household was managed by his daughter Margaret, or Madge, as she was generally called by her father and every one else.

"There was very little traffic, either goods or passenger, at Birkwood; so that the life led by David and his daughter was a very lonely one; the village of Birkwood itself, which contained only about a couple of hundred inhabitants, lying a mile and a half away down the main road.

"It thus fell out that Madge, having much leisure time on her hands, gradually initiated herself into the duties of a clerk at a small station; being, indeed, very nimble with her pen, and in that respect the reverse of David. His duties were over by eight o'clock in the evening, there being no train which stopped at Birkwood between that hour and seven in the morning; and having seen that his night-signals were all right, the old soldier would, if the weather were fine, generally trudge down into the village, to smoke his pipe and drink an evening glass at the Farriers' Arms, at which place, by virtue of his military experiences and his two medals, he was looked upon as a hero whose dictum was in no case to be disputed. These nightly visits to the Farriers' Arms were a source of no small disquietude to Madge, for it not unfrequently happened that David, rendered forgetful by the excitement of congenial company, and by the rude but genuine applause which always greeted his stories of warlike adventure, would imbibe more of the Farriers' heady home-brewed than he could conveniently carry, and would reach home at a late hour in a state which permitted no recollection next morning of how he got there.

"It was hardly likely that such a girl as Madge Carliston could have reached the age of seventeen, even in a remote place like Birkwood, without having suitors for her hand. Of the unfortunate rejected ones who had been sent about their business, with no measure of hard words, but with a gentle refusal, uttered half reluctantly, as though she were unwilling to inflict so much pain, the only one known to me by name was young Will Ferguson, a guard on the line. Will had tried his fortune, and had been rejected, like others before him; but whether there was something in Madge's soft refusal which would not permit him to despair of success, or whether it was owing to the constancy and true nature of his affection, he still went on loving as before, and would by no means take his rejection as final. 'It's a woman's privilege to change her mind,' he would say; 'and who knows but that Madge may change hers!'

"Will's most formidable rival was handsome black-eyed Dick Carradus, son of Lord Alfreton's bailiff—a village scape-grace, who had been turned out of doors by his father some years before; had then gone to Australia, and had come back, after being five years away, quite as poor as he went, and was now living at home on sufferance, till something should turn up likely to suit his lazy abilities.

"Dick had not been back long before he singled out little Madge Carliston as the object of his attentions. He began by paying court to her father, and would lounge up to the station of a morning, having no work of his own to engage him, and smoke and chat with the old man between trains, listen with respectful attention to his long-winded stories, retail the latest village news, and give him now and then a helping-hand with his garden; so that, after a time, the morning seemed long and dull which was not enlivened by a visit from laughing, good-tempered Dick. To Madge he made no open profession of his love, being quick enough to perceive that she was one of those who are not to be won in a day; but he let her see in twenty different ways how constantly she dwelt in his thoughts. To what extent he succeeded in winning her affections no one ever knew, but that she was inclined to favor his suit seems certain; indeed it would have been strange if a girl of her limited experience and slight knowledge of the world, without any previous liking for another, had remained insensible to the manifold attractions of Dick.

"Matters had progressed thus for some months without seeming to progress at all, when, one autumn forenoon, Dick lounged up to the station accompanied by a stranger, whom he presented to David as his friend Mr. Kulp, from Australia. Madge, who was looking on unseen from behind the blind that shaded the open window, thought she had never seen a more sinister and ill-looking visage than that of Mr. Kulp. He was dressed in a new, shiny suit of black, in which he looked very awkward and ill at ease, his great horny hands being especially difficult to dispose of, and wandering incessantly into his pockets and out of them again; he would evidently have felt more at home in the red shirt and highlows of a digger. His face and neck were the color of a brick, and his shaggy red hair and long red beard, rudely trimmed by some country barber, did not add to the attractiveness of his appearance. His features were bold and sufficiently well-shaped; but the expression of his eyes was so thoroughly bad, that it was impossible to be mistaken as to the nature of the soul that gazed loweringly out of their treacherous depths. Madge could not help wondering to herself how it happened that laughing, careless Dick had come to choose such a man as this Kulp for his companion.

"David went into the house, and presently returned with a jug of ale and some glasses; and Mr. Kulp having produced some cigars, the three sat down on one of the benches outside the station, and proceeded to enjoy themselves after their own fashion.

"'We had Lord Alfreton's family here yesterday afternoon,' said David, after a while. 'There was three truck-load of luggage and things, besides eight horses, and a lot of dogs; and a rare lot of money it came to. Fact is,' continued the old soldier, 'I never was so busy since I came here as I've been this morning; for Baylis, the cattle-drover, sent me word a week ago to get him twenty wagons ready by this morning; and sure enough, by five o'clock he was here with a lot of staring, half-mad bullocks; and rare and cold it was too at that hour; but we got them all safe into the trucks, and the engine fetched them at eight o'clock—quite a little train of themselves. And then Baylis came into the house, and had a bit of breakfast with me, and paid me for the carriage of the cattle. Why, lads, I shall have over a hundred and fifty pounds to send to bank in the morning. I'll warrant such a thing never happened before since Birkwood was a station;' and the old man chuckled to himself as he emptied his glass, and seemed to look upon the whole matter as an excellent joke.

"Shortly afterward Dick and Mr. Kulp took their leave, the former depositing on the window-sill a little bunch of flowers for Madge, who still kept resolutely within doors. The two walked slowly down the road, conversing earnestly together, Mr. Kulp apparently endeavoring to impress some important point on the attention of the half-reluctant Dick; and in a few minutes the latter came hastily back, and going up to David, who was busy digging in his garden by this time, said:

"'You'll be down at the Farriers' to-night, won't you, governor? There's to be a bit of a dahlia-show among the villagers, and they'll be sure to want you to act as one of the judges.'

"'I'll drop down, lad, after the eight o'clock train has gone, and that's as soon as I can leave; not that I know much about dahlias, but I can give my opinion, I dare say, as well as another man.'

"So, with a renewed good-morning, Dick finally departed, and having rejoined Mr. Kulp, who was lounging over a gate waiting the return of his friend, the two went on their way together, and were quickly lost to view.

"All these proceedings had been witnessed by Madge from her eyrie, but she had been too far away to hear the conversation between Dick and her father in the garden. When she was certain that the two were finally gone she stole down stairs, and taking possession of the flowers, kissed them and put them carefully into water. Then she went about her work, humming an old song to herself; but she could not get rid of the idea that the malignant eyes of Mr. Kulp were furtively watching her wherever she went.

"When David had attended to the eight o'clock train he went into the house and changed his hat and coat, telling Madge that he was going down into the village, but that he should not be late home. Madge was too much accustomed to her father's evening absences to think any thing of this, and had learned from experience that when he announced his intention of being home at an early hour he was pretty sure to be later than common. Having arranged his neck-tie to her satisfaction, and given him a parting kiss, she made up the fire, lighted the candle, and sat down to her sewing, quite content to pass the long evening all alone in the solitary station-house.

"Having sewn till she was tired, she put her work away, and then got out her hymn-book, and marked one or two hymns to be sung by her scholars at school on the following Sunday; then she read a while; and then, all unconsciously to herself, her eyes softly closed, and she knew nothing more.

"She was roused by the clock close above her head striking eleven, and at the moment she opened her eyes she was startled by seeing, or believing that she saw, the handle of the door on the opposite side of the room slowly and noiselessly turned, as though some one were trying to open it from the outside. The door in question led on to the platform, but fortunately she had shot the bolt into its place after seeing her father down the road. The blood thrilled through her heart as she gazed with a sort of horrible fascination on the revolving handle, and in a moment she was as thoroughly awake as ever she had been in her life. She listened, with all her senses on the alert, but the silence remained unbroken save by the ticking of the clock and the faint singing of the telegraph wires in the breeze outside. She kept her eyes fixed intently on the door for what seemed to her an intolerably long time, but there was no movement, nor any sign of life other than her own beating heart; so, with a sigh of relief, she at length wrenched her eyes away, and persuaded herself that, in the confusion of that first waking moment, her senses must have misled her. The hour was late, and her father could not be long now; so she would just make every thing secure below stairs, and then go and lie down on her bed without undressing, in readiness to run down at his first knock.

"It was hardly pleasant going about the house after seeing that strange movement of the door-handle; but she nerved herself to the effort, although the eyes of Mr. Kulp seemed to stare out at her with baleful intensity from every dusky corner, and to lie in wait for her behind every door. But the task, after all, was only a short one; and when she had seen that all the doors and windows were properly secured, and that there was nothing to be feared from the fire, she took up her candle, and walked slowly and steadily up the short flight of stairs which led to her own and her father's bedrooms on the upper floor. After glancing into the

latter room, and seeing that the cash-box was there as usual on the chest of drawers, she passed forward into her own chamber, the window of which looked out at the back of the station, and down the road that led to the village.

"It was David's custom, as an extra measure of precaution, to place the cash-box in his bedroom overnight. After the departure of the last train he made up his receipts for the day, and put the amount into the box which traveled backward and forward between the bank and the station, ready for conveyance to head-quarters; so that when Madge saw the box where it always stood overnight she felt quite satisfied as to its safety, and never once thought whether the amount it contained might be great or small.

"Perfectly assured by this time that the movement of the door-handle was a pure piece of imagination on her part, and having quite recovered the steadiness of her nerves, now that she was safe in her own little bower, she sat down in front of the glass, and leisurely proceeded to brush out her long brown hair, pausing now and then to smell at the bouquet left by Dick, and humming a familiar tune to herself, wondering how much later her father would be, and becoming more anxious, as the time verged on toward midnight, as to the condition in which he would reach home. She had sat thus for some time, when she was startled by the noise of something striking against the window. She got up, put the candle in the furthest corner of the room, drew aside the blind, and looked out. The moon was nearly at the full, but thick masses of cloud overshadowed the sky, leaving only a sort of dull half-light, in which nothing could be clearly discerned. There was, however, sufficient light for Madge to make out the familiar figure of Dick Carradus beckoning to her with one hand, as though he wished to speak to her. Her fears took alarm at once; something had happened to her father, and Dick had come to break the bad news to her. She drew up the blind and flung open the window with hands that trembled so much that they could scarcely do her bidding, dreading, yet longing, to know the worst.

"'Your father has been taken with a fit at the Farriers' Arms,' said Dick, 'and I am come to fetch you. Make haste, and put on your things, and let us be off.'

"Dick was standing in an open space of ground about a dozen yards from the house, where his figure could be plainly made out; a little to his left, and a few yards further from the house, was an outbuilding belonging to the station; and Madge, while Dick was speaking to her, distinctly saw the head and shoulders of a man protruded for a moment from behind the gable of the building, as though in the act of listening, and then withdrawn; the man, whoever he might be, evidently thinking that, as the night was so much overcast, it would be impossible for any one to see him from the house. With a woman's intuition Madge at once felt that the head and shoulders could belong to no one but Mr. Kulp.

"'I will be down in a minute or two,' she called out to Dick in a hard, shrill voice which she hardly recognized as her own.

"She came in, shut down the window, and replaced the blind, and stood for a moment with the fingers of both hands pressed against her eyes, thinking intently. Then taking up the candle, she carried it into her father's bedroom, the window of which looked in the direction opposite to her own; but instead of proceeding to put on her bonnet and shawl, she stole back into her own dark room, and drew the blind about an inch on one side, and looked out. It was as she had thought; there were two of them; and at the moment she looked out they were talking earnestly together, as they stood close to the gable of the outbuilding; but next minute Dick seemed to push the stranger back out of sight, and came forward himself, and took up his first position, close to the house, waiting for Madge to come out.

"Madge stood up in a maze of doubt and fear. Why had not Dick come alone? And who was that other man hidden away behind the gable with Dick's connivance? Why, in fact, if Dick's story were true, need there be any concealment at all?

"'Are you ready?' called Dick; and then there came a sharp imperious summons with his knuckles on the door below; and then the door itself was tried; but it was locked.

"Madge started out of her brief reverie, opened her bedroom window, and looked out for the second time. 'Do make haste!' exclaimed Dick the moment her head was protruded from the window. 'How long are you going to be?'

"'Answer me one question,' said Madge. 'Did you come up from the village alone? Is there any one here besides yourself? You know, Dick, that I am easily frightened—and—the hour is late, and —and—'

"Before Dick could reply the hidden man burst out into the moonlight, revealing Mr. Kulp to Madge's straining eyes.

"'Come, stow all that jabber!' exclaimed Kulp, brutally. 'If you had been guided by me'—this to Dick—'we should have had what we came for before now; but you must needs go to work in your own idiotic way; and see the result—all this precious time wasted, and nothing done! Look you here, young woman!' turning to Madge; 'you need not expect your father home just at present; he's disposed of, where he'll trouble nobody for some time to come. There's not a soul within a mile of you, except us two—two fellows who don't stick at trifles, against a wisp of a girl who gives tongue if she sees a mouse suddenly. Now we've nothing against you yourself; we don't wish to do you any harm. What we've come for is the money we know you have in the house—not the old man's own money, but the money belonging to the railway. You can drop it quietly out of the window, if you like—we know within a quid or two how much there is—and we'll take our leave at once; and you'll be none the poorer—it will only be the railway that will suffer, and they can afford it. But offer any resistance, or try on any of your tricks, and we'll not only have the money, but your life into the bargain.'

"The idea of any one thinking it worth while to rob the station had never entered the head of Madge; but as Kulp spoke, she remembered that there was that night a much larger sum of money in the house than had ever been there before. Dick, from his frequent visits to the station, was doubtless well aware that old David was in the habit of keeping the cash in his bedroom, as a security against thieves. All these thoughts passed through her brain while Kulp was speaking. When he had done, she gave one great despairing sob, wrung from her by the thought of her lover's treachery, and her heart for the moment seemed to wither up within her. But the necessity for immediate action was pressing—she would have time enough in the dark future before her to brood over her sweetheart's baseness. What must she do? If her father was not ill, as these men had first averred, then why had he not come home? He had never, even when most overcome, staid out till this hour. Was it not possible—nay, probable—that they had murdered him first, to get him out of the way, and had then come on to the station to complete their work by robbery, and perhaps murder, there?

"A rude summons from Kulp cut short her brief reverie. 'Now, young woman, what are you about? Do you expect us to wait here all night?'

"'Oh, Dick, for pity's sake, tell me what has become of my father?' she said, still speaking through the window, and heedless for the moment of Kulp.

"Dick rose from his seat as if he were going to reply, but Kulp waved him back. 'Your father's disposed of where he'll trouble nobody, as I told you before. And now let us have your answer at once. Do you mean to give us that money quietly or not?'

"'No—a thousand times no!' exclaimed Madge, passionately. 'Cowards that you are, come and take it, if you dare!' and she shut down the window with a bang, as though disdaining further parley.

"The thought of her father lying wounded, perhaps dead, in some lonely spot, lent her a courage, a reckless audacity, that made her for the time almost indifferent to any thing that could happen to herself. What means of defense had she? was her first question. Scarcely any. The doors and windows, indeed, down stairs were fastened; but she knew well that they would not stand long against the assaults of two men determined on effecting an entrance. There were no arms of any kind in the house. There was the door at the bottom of the stairs opening into the kitchen—she might, perhaps, do a little toward securing that. The candle was still burning where she had left it; and as she went into the room, the cash-box containing the cause of all these misfortunes stared her in the face. Her father's keys lay beside it, together with a bag containing the silver and copper retained by David as change. A flash of inspiration came to her as she looked at these things. She opened the cash-box, and took out the bag containing the day's receipts, in notes, checks, and gold, and concealed it in the bosom of her dress. She then put the bag containing the silver and copper into the box, locked it, and threw the keys under the bed. Her next proceeding was to secure the frail door at the foot of the staircase as well as she was able, by inserting a small wooden peg above the latch, so as to hinder any one from opening it in the ordinary way; and then by piling against it several chairs and other light articles of bedroom furniture, such as her limited strength permitted her to lift. She was well aware that even then it was a protection which a few minutes would suffice to demolish; but every minute was a gain in her desperate strait; her only hope lay in prolonging the struggle as much as possible—help might come, she knew not how or whence, when least expected.

"Outside, every thing remained quiet. Could it be possible that they would, after all, go away without attacking the house? With this blessed hope beating warmly at her heart, Madge ran back to the window of her own room, and peeped through. Alas! no—both of them were still there. They were stooping over a heap of sleepers deposited close at hand for the purpose of relaying the line; and having selected one, they lifted it on to their shoulders, and brought it thus to the door of the house. At the first stroke of this novel but powerful battering-ram Madge gave a little shriek, and sank, white and trembling, to the ground: all her little stock of courage had vanished, and she seemed, for the first time, to realize the dangers of her position. Like the blows of a pavior's rammer came the shocks against the door down stairs, and to each of them Madge's heart beat with a responsive throb. Suddenly, with a great crash, the door gave way, and with a yell of triumph Kulp burst into the house, followed by his silent companion. Madge started up, and double-locked her bedroom door; then rushed to the window, determined to leap out at any cost, and forgetting for the moment that the window, small in itself, was still further secured by a bar of iron running across its centre, sufficient to prevent even her little body from squeezing through.

"With a cry of despair she turned away from the window, and then, a moment after, almost laughed to herself—so sudden are the alternations of feeling at such a time—to think that she had forgotten all about the little loft over the bedrooms. Surely there, of all places in the house, since it was evident that from the house itself there was now no escape, she would be most secure. It was a mere cock-loft, open to the sloping rafters of the roof, and lighted by a skylight composed of a single pane of glass; it was used by David as a storehouse for his onions, seeds, and various kinds of rubbish put away at odd times by the old man, as never likely to be wanted again; but to Madge, in that hour of her extremity, it seemed a very harbor of refuge. The short broken ladder by which David gained access to it was always kept behind his bedroom door. She unlocked the door of her own room, got the ladder, and placed it against the wall under the opening into the loft, which showed black and grim above her head, there being no door to it or fastening of any kind.

"Madge paused for a minute before going up the ladder. After feeling that the money was still safe in the bosom of her dress, she went lightly into her father's room, and blew out the candle, which had been burning there since first taken out of her own room; she next locked the doors of both rooms, put the keys in her pocket, and then stood to listen, with one foot on the ladder, ready to ascend. From the moment the front door was burst in to that in which Madge stood thus not more than two minutes had elapsed, sufficient, however, for the two men down stairs to ransack every corner, and so make sure, before proceeding further, that Madge was hidden nowhere below. The door at the foot of the stairs was tried next; and the moment Madge heard this she mounted the ladder noiselessly, and creeping through the opening into the loft with the agility of a cat, reached down with one hand, drew up the ladder after her, and then sat down by the edge of the opening to await, with a heart that beat almost to bursting, whatever might happen next. The door not yielding easily, the battering-ram was applied to it, and half a dozen blows were sufficient to break it off its hinges. The furniture piled up behind it was quickly dragged down by the indefatigable Kulp, and the way to the bedrooms was then clear. Madge, listening intently, heard Kulp inciting Dick to drink out of his brandy-flask; after which he went in search of matches and a candle, for all their work hitherto had been done by the light of the clouded moon. Having procured a light, after a delay of some minutes, during which he relieved his mind by a large amount of swearing, Mr. Kulp advanced cautiously up stairs. Having reached the bedroom doors in safety, and finding both of them to be locked, Dick and he held a brief consultation. Dick was inclined to break into the old man's room first, being well aware that the money was always put there overnight; but Mr. Kulp, whose quick, restless eyes had caught sight of the opening into the loft, gave it as his opinion, emphasized with numerous oaths, that both bird and money would be found snugly hid away in that dark little nest at the top of the house; so it was agreed that he should explore the loft while Dick effected an entrance into David's room. Mr. Kulp's first task was to fetch a couple of chairs up stairs, and having fixed one of them upon the other, he proceeded to climb carefully to the top, just as Dick succeeded in breaking open the bedroom door.

"Madge, in her hiding-place, sat quite motionless, with straining eyes fixed on the opening in the floor, through which she momently expected to see Mr. Kulp's ugly head protruded. The clouds had partly cleared away by this time, and sufficient of the moon's light came through the little skylight to enable her to distinguish the objects about her with tolerable clearness. She heard Mr. Kulp climbing laboriously on to the chairs, and thought to herself that a few seconds now would surely end all, for she never doubted that he would murder her when once he got her into his power. The first part of Mr. Kulp's person that made its appearance through the trap was an immense bony hand, with which he seized the ledge, as a help in pulling himself up. Close to the feet of Madge lay an old wooden mallet; on the instinct of the moment, and without pausing to think, she grasped it, and brought it down with all her force on the hideous claw beside her. Mr. Kulp gave a yell of mingled rage and pain, and being obliged to let go his hold, came to the floor with a terrific crash. He was on his feet in an instant, swearing horribly that he would have Madge's blood; but just as he was preparing to mount the chairs again, Dick, with a joyful cry, burst out of David's room, exclaiming that he had found the cash-box. Even then, Mr. Kulp was half inclined to stay at all risks, and have his revenge, for his hand hurt him terribly; but Dick hurried down stairs with the box under his arm, and Mr. Kulp's cupidity rendering him fearful that unless he quickly followed he might perhaps never see either Dick or the box again, he postponed the consideration of his revenge till a future period, and hurried after his friend, threatening Madge with what he would do to her if she stirred out of the loft, or gave any alarm, for a full hour at the least.

"Madge's ruse had succeeded. Deceived by the weight of the box, they had hurried away without opening it, thinking that it contained the money of which they were in search, whereas it held only the bag of silver and copper placed there purposely by Madge. But Madge knew that the respite was only a short one: they would not go far before breaking open the box, and on discovering the deception they would hurry back, and woe be to her if they found her there when they returned!

"She would get out of the house at any risk, and try to make her escape across the fields. She lowered the ladder, and after feeling that the money was still safe in the bosom of her dress, got down as quickly as possible, and so groped her way down stairs, and through the house on to the platform. In a few minutes more the night-mail would be due; but alas! it did not stop at Birkwood, nor even slacken speed, but rushed past in complete indifference to the existence of any such insignificant spot.

"An excellent thought! She would turn on the red light at the signal, and stop the train. Under the circumstances she felt herself justified in doing this. Perhaps the train with its living freight would come up in time to save her from the two miscreants, who would certainly be back in a few minutes more. The hope was a faint one, but she could not afford to throw it away. To reach the semaphore, it was necessary that she should traverse the platform to that end of it nearest the road taken by the two men on leaving the station, although her first intention had been to try to make her escape by hurrying away in the opposite direction. There was, however, no time to hesitate; the risk must be run at once, if at all. So she sped as fast as she could to the end of the platform, and seizing the iron handle of the immense signal-post, gave it the necessary turn, which changed the glass in front of the lantern at its summit, and displayed the red light in place of the white one. She had just turned to hasten back along the platform, when Kulp and Carradus, leaping over a hedge about twenty yards away, came suddenly upon her, and a loud cry from one of them proclaimed that she was seen.

"In their hurry to get back to the station, after discovering the trick that had been played them, they had cut off the angle of the road by coming across a field, and were consequently unseen by Madge till they were close upon her. Madge was like a wounded animal brought to bay: to flee was useless, she would have been caught before she had run twenty yards; resistance was equally out of the question; what resistance, in fact, could a girl like her offer to the will of two desperate ruffians? There seemed nothing left for her but to lie down in dumb despair, and pray that her misery might be as short as possible. As she stood thus, her fine and practiced ear caught the first faint sound of the approaching train—only five minutes more, and she would have been saved!

"She was still standing close to the semaphore. On the instant she turned, and despite the impediment of her dress, ran quickly up the iron ladder—up, up to the very top, till she sank exhausted on the little grating fixed close under the lamps for the convenience of lighting and cleaning them. Mr. Kulp laughed loud and long.

"'What a precious fool the wench must be,' he said with an oath, 'to go and fix herself in a trap like that! Now I shall have her as safe as a 'possum in a gum-tree—have her money and her life both, or my name is not Jared Kulp!'

"'Perhaps, after all, she hasn't got the money about her,' said Dick, 'it may be hidden in the old man's room—under the bed, or in the chimney, or somewhere.'

"'Ay, ay, lad—do you think so?' said Kulp, eagerly. 'Then you just go, and have a hunt about, and I'll wait here at the bottom of the ladder till you come back to see that my lady doesn't escape. Only don't be a month away.'

"'Never fear,' answered Dick, and hurried off into the house.

"Neither of the men had yet heard the noise of the advancing train, for the wind was in the opposite direction; but Madge heard it coming nearer and nearer, but so slowly, as it seemed to her hungering ears, that her heart within her grew sick with fear that it would not arrive in time to save her. No sooner had Dick disappeared than Mr. Kulp drew a formidable bowie-knife from some hidden pocket, and having unsheathed it, seized the black haft between his teeth, and prepared to ascend the ladder: he had evidently determined not to await the return of Dick, but to accomplish his revenge while his companion was away. He had made but two steps upward when all at once his ear caught the shrill whistle of the approaching train, and he knew that his work must be done quickly, or else left undone forever.

"The red signal had been seen.

"Madge, crouching on the little iron grating under the lamps, and kept from falling by the rail running round it, had not been idle all this time.

"A day or two previously the semaphore ladder had been removed for repairs, and an old one temporarily substituted in its place, fastened with a stout rope at the top to keep it firm. Madge's nimble fingers were busy with the knots before Kulp began to ascend; but the rope was thick, and the knots difficult to unfasten, and she shuddered to think that Kulp would reach the top before her purpose could be effected. She had contrived to undo one of the knots, and was busy with fingers and teeth at the second, while Kulp was coming slowly up the ladder toward her. Step by step he drew nearer. She tried to call to him, to warn him of the fate before him, but beyond a dry husky whisper she had lost all power of speech. The light from the lamp above her shone obliquely on his shaggy head, his cruel wolfish eyes staring ferociously up at her, and the bare knife held between his teeth. Half a minute more and he would have seized her, when, yielding to her last desperate effort, the knot gave way; the rope fell to the ground; and the ladder, no longer held in its place, and already trembling under the weight of Kulp, shook for an instant; then its top glided slowly along the smooth edge of the grating, till it slipped over the end, and fell swiftly through the air, with the terrified wretch clinging to it; and coming down with a terrible crash on the coping-stone at the edge of the platform, rolled over with its burden on to the line, just as the wildly-shrieking train forged slowly into the station, and came to a dead stand a few feet from the lifeless body lying across its path.

"I, who tell you this, happened to be traveling by the mail that night, and was quickly out of the train, followed by several of the passengers, to ascertain the reason of a stoppage so unusual.

"It was Will Ferguson who picked up the body of Kulp from before the engine. A medical man, one of the passengers, pronounced him to be dead.

"Some time elapsed before Madge, lying insensible so far above our heads, was discovered; and then it was a task of considerable difficulty to get her down, but it was managed after a time, and the poor girl was laid on her bed unconscious of all that was being done for her; and when she did awake from her state of insensibility, it was only to lapse into a brain-fever, from which she did not thoroughly recover for several months.

"Old David turned up in the morning haggard and penitent. He had been lying dead-drunk under a hedge all night, where Kulp and Carradus had purposely left him. Carradus himself got clear away, and has never been heard of from that day to this. The railway company made Madge a handsome present as soon as she got well again; but they removed her father from a situation for which he was evidently incompetent, and made him ticket-collector at Wallington Junction; at which station Madge was, at her own request, installed as booking-clerk; but I hear that she and Will Ferguson are about to be married; so that next time you come this way, perhaps, there will be no Madge Carliston to serve you with a ticket."

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—THE STRUGGLE FOR THE SALIENT, NEAR SPOTTSYLVA

LVANIA, VIRGINIA, MAY 12, 1864.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 382.]

A GIRL'S LOVE-SONG.

It was an April morning
When my true love went out;
The wind had never a warning,
The sky had never a doubt.
Fair and fugitive lustres
Flitted o'er thought and speech;
Hopes were hanging in clusters,
A little out of reach.

He wandered, he and no other,
Down by the little brook;
The stones sang, one to another,
"A king is coming! Look!"
The brook said, cooing and creeping,
"Peep, and you shall see!"
Through the leaves he went peeping,
And there he saw—me.

Saw me, took me, crowned me,
There as I stood in my shame;
I knew that he had found me
Before I knew his name.
I went as I was fated,
Faint with fear and surprise:
A week and a day I waited
Before I saw his eyes.

I had never a whisper
For all the words he said;
But the brook was a pleasant lisper,
It talked to him instead.
Brook, you told my emotion,
Hearing him plight his vow;
Brook, you have not a notion
What I feel for him now!—

Feel for him now, as the days
Go sailing softly by,
Dreaming of the pleasant ways
That out before us lie—
Dreaming of the coming time
When I his queen shall be,
And all life shall speak in rhyme
To my king and to me!

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ONLY CITY OF THE WORLD WORTH LIVING IN.

PARIS, dear, delightful, inimitable, unrivaled Paris, city of delights, city of art, and taste, and luxury; of fashion, and elegance, and wit. Paris, unapproached among earth's most delicious haunts. Paris, queen of the world. Paris, the only city of the world worth living in.

Certainly. This is the refrain to a very old song. You and I, and every body else, have been singing it, always heartily, and with a kind of sincerity, never ad nauseam, ever since per railway or per diligence we first set foot in Lutetia The Beloved. There is no need to renew in mature age the vaccination we have had in our youth. The Paris virus, once imbibed, is not to be eradicated.

Of course Paris is enchanting. Every body knows it; every body says it. One may toil, and grow rich, and die in London; one may drag on an existence at Vienna, vegetate at Brussels, prowl through the year at Florence, be bored at Rome, hipped at Venice, terrified at St. Petersburg, stupefied at Berlin, excited at New York, soothed at Boston, deluded at Dublin, intoxicated at Edinburgh, astonished at Seville, amused at Milan, occupied at Amsterdam, fatigued at Naples, absorbed at Manchester, salted at Liverpool, cured at Brighton, and killed at New Orleans; but if one wants to live, to see life, to enjoy life, to make the most of life, there is clearly no place in the world for man or woman but Paris.

This is an assertion scarcely worth arguing upon. Opinions are unanimous. Of course, there are no bonnets in the world worth the Paris bonnets. The Boulevards are unequaled among streets. Nobody knows how to cook out of the Palais Royal. No pictures worth looking at are to be seen out of the Louvre, except, indeed, those at the Luxembourg. Why pursue a theme so trite? While I, a single Englishman, am dully sounding the praises of Paris, fifty thousand Germans, Italians, Swedes, Russians, Poles, Czechs, Moldo-Wallachs, Montenegrins, Magyars, and Mussulmans are crying out that Parisian life is the life of lives, and that the only city worth living in is Paris.

Lily Floris lived in Paris for seven years. Until she was fifteen years of age she never passed that gloomy porte cochère in the outer wall of the Pension Marcassin. It was her penitentiary, her prison-house; and a terrible one it was.

There was a vast play-ground; and in it, when she was not under punishment, she was privileged to walk. Beyond its precincts she never stirred. She never went home for the holidays. The vacations at the Pension Marcassin were three days from the Jour de l'An, the first of January to the fourth—a week at Easter—a month from the first of August to the second of September. These holidays came and went for seven years, but she remained immured. She had seven years' penal servitude. When the girls were away long tasks were set her, and these she learned and wrote, and repeated or submitted to Mademoiselle Marcassin, or, in her absence, to the governess left in charge. It was a dreary probation, and she was Quite Alone.

Lonelier when, at the end of the second year of her captivity, Polly Marygold took her departure. The girl could not refrain from sundry ebullitions of joy at her deliverance from a school of which she was weary, and from a schoolmistress whom she hated, but she was nevertheless unfeignedly sorry to leave Lily.

"It's like deserting you in a desert island, my darling," she cried, as she kissed her and kissed her again on the well-remembered morning of her going away; "or rather it's like leaving you in a savage country full of cannibals. For cannibals they are here, and nothing else."

"But you will write to me, Polly? You will, won't you, my dear?" poor Lily replied, twining herself round the neck of the only friend but one she had ever had in the world. "Oh! say that you will write to me—that you will come and see me, or I shall break my heart. I am so very, very lonely."

"I know you are, my pet. I wish to goodness you were coming with me. Who knows? Perhaps they'll turn you out as a governess some of these days. Although," she continued, with a profoundly sagacious look, "my own opinion is, that you are heiress to immense estates and vast wealth in England, and that some wicked, wicked people are keeping you out of it. Think of their changing your name too, the cruel wretches!"

"But you will write, Polly, won't you; you know you promised to?"

"Yes, my darling," returned Miss Marygold, with a touch of sadness in her voice; "I'll write, but goodness knows whether you will ever get my letters. Madame will 'sequestrate' them, or I'm very much mistaken. As for coming to see you, the cross old thing will never let me darken her doors again, I'm certain. She has spent my premium, and got all she could out of dear pa, and it's very little she cares about me now. I wonder whether they paid a premium with you, or so much a year!"

And so Polly Marygold took her merry face and her wavy black hair away, and the world became indeed a desert to Lily. Polly had obtained a situation as governess in the family of a French nobleman in Brittany. It would be a relief, she said, to find some children who were to be brought up as ladies and not as governesses.

It has been said that Lily's very name had been changed. Not much stress was laid upon her retaining or bearing her Christian name of Lily; only, as Lilies were numerous in the school, she was never so addressed in the class-room. But her appellation of Floris was rigorously condemned, and she was informed that henceforward she was to be Mademoiselle Pauline. It did not much matter. Lily felt as though she had no longer a name at all. Once, going up into a great store-room where the girls' boxes were kept, she found that "Miss Floris" had been painted out from the well-remembered trunk with which Cutwig & Co. had fitted her out; and she burst into bitter tears, less at the thought of the social extinction with which it was sought to visit her, than at the recollection of the two hours passed in the old City shop where Mr. Ranns and 'Melia were so kind to her, and where Cutwig & Co. fitted out all the world.

Often, too, she thought of that tall gentleman who had kissed her on the forehead at Greenwich, and talked to the strange lady in the balcony. The minutest circumstance connected with the dinner dwelt steadfastly in her mind. She could see the splendid old gentleman with his chains and rings, and his fringe of white whiskers; the military gentleman with his black stock, dyed mustache, strapped-down trowsers and spurs; she could hear the laughter, and the clinking of the glasses, and the wine gurgling; the warm odor of the viands came up gently again to titillate her sense of smell. She could see the gray Thames water, the lagging barges, the ships slowly sailing across the field of view, the Essex shore in the distance, the ruddy sunset behind all. But the tall gentleman who had held her between his knees, and filled her plate at dinner, and fondled her, was salient and prominent above all these things. His hair, his clothes, his kindly drawl, his pitying eyes, his hands, so strong-looking yet so tender, were all present to her. And the more she thought of him the more she wept; but why she wept she could not tell.

Then would pass before her a terrible image. That night in the park. How soft and calm the scene was. How happy and peaceful the deer seemed. With what quiet cheerfulness the distant lights, in the hospital wards, in the houses of the town, in the rigging of the ships, twinkled! But then the fierce and angry words of the strange lady came up in grim contrast, and marred all this tranquil loveliness. Lily remembered how she had gripped her arm, and looked upon her with darkling, lowering eyes. And she wept no more; but shuddered.

Now all had changed. Great gulfs yawned between the few and troubled episodes of her young life. The last was the gloomiest, dreariest, strangest of all. She was in Paris, the city which the strange lady had declared to be the only city in the world worth living in.

This was Lily's Paris:

To rise before it was light in winter-time. To be mewed up till breakfast in the dark schoolroom, nine-tenths of whose area were icy chill, and the tenth red-hot from the dead baking lowering presence of the stove. To brood over lessons, lessons, lessons, from half an hour after eight until twelve, then to crowd into the refectory for the second breakfast. Then (if haply she were not under punishment) to wander into the play-ground till two. Then to fag at lessons, lessons again till five. Then once more to flock into the refectory to dinner. Then after another hour's wandering in the play-ground, if it were fine, or cowering in the school-room if it were wet, to go through an hour's hideous torture until bedtime—a torture which was called "the study hour"—a time when the girls were supposed to be meditating over the tasks of the day which had just passed, and speculating over those of the morrow which was to come—a time when neither books, nor papers, nor slates were allowed; but when absolute and immovable silence was enjoined, and the movement of a hand, the shuffling of a foot, the turning of a head, was punished by bad marks—when a cough was penal, and a sneeze intolerable—when if a girl, rendered desperate by this excruciating command to be mute, would sometimes break silence coûte que coûte—ask some irrelevant question, make some incoherent remark—she would be sentenced to "hold her tongue" for a quarter of an hour—to hold it literally, taking the offending member between her thumb and forefinger, and striving to retain her hold upon it with the most ludicrously lamentable results of slipperiness—when, if another girl, as would often happen, dropped off to sleep, she would be doomed to stand on one leg for five minutes, and so, in drowsiness that was not to be subdued, would doze off again, and stagger, and come at last to the ground—to be, to do, and to suffer all these things were among Lily's first experiences of the only city in the world worth living in.

She was miserable, and she had cause to be miserable. The governesses did not so much dislike as they contemned her. It was put about publicly by Mademoiselle Espréménil, as upon authority from the chief, Marcassin, that Pauline, or "la petite Anglaise," was poor, and all but friendless; that she was being "elevated" almost through charity; and that the sphere in which she now moved was much superior to that to which she had been hitherto accustomed. Lily could not disprove these malignant innuendoes. She could not but admit the probability of the schoolmistress knowing a great deal more about her than she knew about herself. So she let them have their way, and suffered in silence. Her school-mates were not slow to take up the cue dropped by their instructresses. None of the big girls petted her. There were no rich girls in the school. The elder pupils were mostly in training to be governesses, and toiled too hard to find time for petting any one. If wealth engender laziness, it is not unkindly to the cultivation of tender-heartedness. A rich old maid, not over-pious, is about the pleasantest and most generous soul alive. 'Tis poverty, griping, galling, grinding poverty that makes spinsters harsh and sour.

Children are often apt to be pitiless. They have not felt enough pain themselves to compassionate its endurance by others, and they are frequently eager to inflict agony, of the scope and purport thereof they are ignorant. Lily had scant mercy shown her. At first her companions took to pinching her, pulling her hair, treading on her feet, and administering chiquenaudes, or fillips, with the thumb and finger, on her cheeks. She bore with these for a time, but at last her temper and her English spirit got the better of her, and she bestowed so sounding a slap on the back of the biggest of her tormentors, that the rest retreated, like a herd of frightened fawns, to a remote corner of the play-ground, crying out that "la petite Anglaise" was dangerous. French children are proficient in the minute details of bodily torture, but they do not understand baculine arguments of the broader kind. French girls don't slap, French boys don't fight with one another, and French children are never beaten by their instructors. Jean Jacques Rousseau and the French Revolution definitively banished stripes and blows from the educational curriculum of Gaul.

So being somewhat wary respecting overt acts of violence toward the "petite Anglaise" her school-mates shunned her. She was left alone with her tasks, and her wretchedness, and herself. But for a natural sweetness of mind and gentleness of nature with which the poor child had been gifted by Heaven she might have grown up sullen, morose, and selfish. There would have been a hundred excuses for her learning to hate her species in general, and school-girls and governesses in particular. But it was mercifully decreed otherwise, for Lily was made for love. She found, indeed, that those among whom her lot was cast would not, through disdain and prejudice, love her; but she was saved, through her own innate suavity of soul, from falling into the other and perilous extreme of loving herself. Still she found it necessary to have something to love. There were no dogs or cats about the place to fix her affections upon. Rabbits, squirrels, white mice, silk-worms even—all the ordinary domestic menagerie of children—were prohibited in the Pension Marcassin. She was too old to make friends with spiders, with the rapid lizards, with the beetles of sheeny armor. No sparrows ever came into the play-ground. Small birds are rare in Paris. So in default of something tangible to love she elected to build up a world of her own, and to people it with creatures of her own imagination, and to dwell among them, and love them very dearly. Her world was totally at war with Mercator's projection. It was a very puerile Utopia, the most frivolous of Formosas, a highly babyish New Atlantis—a silly, nonsensical world, if you like; but she believed firmly in it, and her devotion to its inhabitants was unbounded. If she were punished, somebody in the Ideal World came to comfort her, and to show her a clew to work her way out of the labyrinth of a tangled task. If she were unhappy, she was invited to festivals and picnics in the Imaginary Land. There she danced; there she sang; there she went to the play; there she romped and skipped; and there, I am afraid, she often went to the water-side to dine on beautiful dishes of fish. But there was no noisy company there; and the strange, haughty lady was not one of her company. Only she and the tall gentleman sat at the table, and afterward went into the balcony to gaze upon the ships and the long line of the Essex shore till the sun went down, and it was dark, and the lamps began to glimmer. Silly Lily!

In this great school she was the only captive thus rigorously confined. The other girls went out on Wednesday and Sunday afternoons for long walks. On their return they told her superciliously about the Elysian Fields and the Wood of Boulogne, about the Garden of Plants and the Museum of the Louvre. At Easter they talked of masked balls to which their brothers went, of débardeurs and Pierrots, of the mad revelry of the carnival, of the fat ox promenading the Boulevards and Hercules leading him, while carriages full of gayly-attired maskers followed the bedizened beast. These joys were not for Lily. She was to be kept under, and in.

Only one thing was wanting to complete her wretchedness, and that came at last. Madame seldom spoke to her alone. When she made her periodical tours of inspection through the class-rooms, Lily incurred an augmented share of reproof and bad marks at her hands: but she was seldom summoned to the presence of the Marcassin. It happened, however, one afternoon, in the fifth year of residence, that she was commanded to repair to Madame's cabinet.

The "cabinet" was a square comfortless apartment, not unlike a refrigerator in its chilly atmosphere and light wooden fittings. The Marcassin was the ice in the refrigerator, and froze all who approached her. In the "cabinet" she collated the register of the young ladies' studies and conducts, and made disparaging marginal notes thereon. At her tall desk in the "cabinet" she drew up the alarming "memoirs," or half-yearly bills of the pupils. To the "cabinet," offenders of more than ordinary turpitude were doomed to repair, to undergo the anguish of prolonged and solemn reprimand. Finally, to the cold gray and white papered wall of this cabinet was affixed an enormous framed and glazed pancarte of pasteboard, bearing, in elaborate French engrossing, and with many flourishes, in which the forms of swans, eagles, and griffins preponderated, the names of the pupils of the establishment who had distinguished themselves from six months to six months by assiduity in study, or propriety of conduct. This placard was called the "Tableau d'Honneur." It was renewed at the commencement of every fresh half-year; and a rumor ran through the Pension Marcassin that M. Lestiboudois, the writing-master, received no less a sum than one hundred francs for executing it in ornamental caligraphy.

Lily stood, her hands meekly folded, her head decorously bent, her feet well set together—"position de recueillement humble et attentive," as it was set forth in the codex of disciplinary etiquette observed in the pension—before her instructress. She was mentally wondering of what misdeed she could have rendered herself guilty during the past week to merit a summons to the refrigerating cabinet.

"Fille Floris, called Pauline," said the Marcassin, sternly, and no longer deigning to give Lily a title of courtesy, "you and I must have some conversation together. The affairs have been going on too long in a deregulated manner. They must be regulated now in a manner definitive. Do you hear me, Fille Floris?"

She spoke in French now, and Lily understood her well. The girl could speak the lively language fluently—so fluently, that she sometimes found herself thinking or addressing the people of the Imaginary Empire in French, and as often discovered her tongue tripping and stumbling when she essayed to sing some little English rhyme of old times.

The Marcassin slowly unlocked one of the drawers in her tall bureau, and took forth two packets of neatly folded papers. One packet was slim and sparse, the other dense and heavy.

"Do you see this, Fille Floris?" she resumed, in a cold and bitter tone, pointing to the slim packet. "One, two, three, four, half-years' memoirs, bills for your pension and education, and which have been duly paid by the persons who placed you here. And now observe." She untied the other packet, undoing with a vengeful wrench of her teeth an obstinate knot in the string which confined it. "One, two, three, four, five, six—three years' memoirs—nearly three thousand francs for your pension and education; and not one centime of those three thousand francs have been paid. Do you hear me?"

Lily heard, and turned white as her name.

"Three years, then," pursued the pitiless Marcassin, "you have been eating bread and drinking wine to which you have no right. Three years you have been living on my charity. Pale, impertinent, worthless, insubordinate"—poor Lily!—"you have always been; and I have been often obliged to tell you so; but not till this moment have I informed you that you are a pauper and a beggar. Who are the robbers and felons who have left you here to impose on my credulity, and fatten on the fruit of my industry? Speak, little impostor."

"Oh, madame, madame!" the girl urged, tearfully, "I'm not an impostor. It is not my fault. Madame knows much more than I do of the persons who brought me here. I was such a little girl then. I have always done my best, and tried to learn, and to be good. Oh! don't reproach me with what I am innocent of; for I am quite, quite alone."

"Insolent!" retorted the Marcassin. "You will reason, will you? Ah! it is I who will bring you to reason. Tell me instantly the names of the swindlers who owe me three thousand francs."

"Indeed I don't know, madame. How can I tell? From the day I was brought here I have never had a single letter, a single visitor, a single friend, except that dear Mademoiselle Marygold, who is gone."

"You dare to mention the name of that re-

bellious and ungrateful girl to me?" interrupted the schoolmistress, with a furious look. "Allons! It is of a piece with your other impertinence."

Lily could only sob and wring her hands in reply.

"The very clothes you have on your back have been paid for or renewed by me these two years past. You are a burden, a pest, an incumbrance to the school. It is by fraud that you have learned the piano, the dance. You have robbed me of lessons in drawing and geography. Why do I not give you up to the police for the escroquerie of your parents—if you have any parents—little miserable, who ought to have been put into the crèche of the Enfants Trouvés? Why do I not send you to the Dépôt of Mendicity? Tell me, little beggar brat!"

In a bodily as well as a mental rage at last, which was strange with this frigid woman, she rose and seized Lily by the shoulders and shook her. The terrified girl fled into a corner of the room, too much alarmed to shriek, but trembling and holding her hands before her face.

Mademoiselle Marcassin resumed her self-possession. She was a coldly logical lady, and recognized the inexpediency of a personal conflict with a pensionnaire whose only fault was that her friends had neglected to pay her half-yearly bills. Besides, she knew that the charges she brought against the girl of being "idle, impertinent, worthless, and insubordinate," were groundless. There were few girls in the school more studious than Lily, and there was not one better conducted.

She sat down at her bureau again, replaced the packets in the drawer, and locked it. "A truce to these absurdities," she said. "No harm has been done you. Let us have no more whimpering, or we will see what effect the atmosphere of the wood-cellar—la cave au bois—and two days' bread-and-water will have upon you. Come forward, and stand in front of this bureau, and listen to me."

Lily came forward as she was commanded. She hastily dried her eyes, and stood before the Marcassin, pale, but composed.

"People who eat bread must earn it," remarked the schoolmistress. "Don't think I am going to keep you—pour vos beaux yeux—for your own sweet sake. If you continue to live here, you must work. Are you ready to work?"

"Yes, madame, as hard as ever you wish me."

"We shall see. If I sent you away from here, your destination would be the Préfecture de Police. You have no domicile, no papers, no name even that offers reasonable proof of identity, and I question whether the consul of your nation would be at the trouble of reclaiming you. The woman who brought you here—I wish I could catch sight of her, la vaurienne!—spoke English, but she was French. She told me you had been born in France. Thus, all the police could do for you would be to send you to a house of correction—a penitentiary, understand me well—where you would be confined till you were twenty-one years of age, where you would be kept all day, either kneeling on the cold stones singing psalms, or working your fingers to the bone with needle-work, under the tutelage of the good gray sisters who have little machines and leathern thongs to keep their correctionnaires in order."

Lily's heart sank within her. She had heard appalling stories of the severities practiced in the Maisons de Correction—stories which, in justice to the good nuns who conduct those establishments, must be branded as apocryphal. Could they be worse stories than Lily might tell of the Pension Marcassin?

"You may remain here," continued the Marcassin. "But on a different footing. You are no longer a pensionnaire, but a fille de classe. You will do what you are told, and learn what you are permitted, and will make yourself as useful as common gratitude for being fed, lodged, and clothed should render you. We will say nothing of the arrears for your board and education. If I can not discover the swindlers who have cozened me out of my money, you and I will have some future conversation on the mat-[ter.] Now you may go."

SCENES AT FREDERICKSBURG.

IN company with other delegates of the Christian Commission I reached Fredericksburg, Virginia, on the 12th of May, seven days after the first engagement of the Army of the Potomac with the Confederate forces under General Lee. The spectacle which presented itself to our view as we passed down the pleasant streets to the head-quarters of the Commission was pitiable to the last degree. The town was one vast hospital; every church, every store, every dwelling, every door-yard was crowded with wounded; even the side-walks were occupied in many places by exhausted soldiers on their way from the field in search of shelter and assistance. On that day—the 12th of May—there were six thousand maimed and mangled veterans thus accumulated in this charming town, this malignantly traitorous town, lying by the river's brink, with green and smiling slopes stretching away behind it, and rows of thrifty trees spreading their broad boughs along its ample streets. Walking abroad any hour of the day, groups of soldiers, with arms and faces bandaged, with feet limping painfully, many leaning on crutches, some supported on the brawny arms of kindly comrades, met us at every corner. Entering the roomy churches, a wounded hero was found lying in every pew, with his dirty blanket for a pillow; others crowded the vestibule, aisles, and pulpit; while among them all nurses moved softly to and fro, some with cups of coffee and baskets of fruit, some with basins and sponges, some with bandages, lint, and clothing—all with something needed by the suffering. Stepping into a private mansion, its portico overhung with vines, and flowers creeping up to the windows, soiled, weary, wounded men were found in every nook and corner, occupying chairs, sofas, beds, or lying on the floors, or sitting in ghastly rows against the walls, patiently awaiting necessary relief. Every where weariness was finding rest, and brave, patient souls were finding anchorage in still, home-like harbors, away from the battle's storm.

Hourly, as the days and nights slipped on, trains of ambulances from the distant field wound along the streets, pausing here and there to leave additional wounded, or to permit the guards to lift out the dead and dying, and carry them away on stretchers to the dead-house, or the rooms where the more serious cases were attended to by the surgeons. Scarcely an hour passed, in the five days immediately following our arrival, that trains of this kind did not reach the town. Often, the ambulance trains proving inadequate to the emergency, the wounded were brought in in heavy army wagons, the men lying flat on their backs and suffering necessarily from the incessant jolting and the absence of the comforts ordinarily provided in ambulances. In some instances the poor fellows thus brought in were without any thing to eat or drink for over two days.

THE HOSPITAL ORGANIZATION.

As far as possible the wounded, as they were brought in, were classified and assigned to the division and corps to which they belonged. In the Second and Sixth Corps the loss had been so great that several of the largest buildings in the town were required to accommodate merely the serious cases. One principal surgeon, with as many assistants as were needed, was assigned to each hospital, the delegates of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions acting as nurses. These men labored with a zeal and fidelity which can not be too warmly commended. Many worked night and day, snatching bits of sleep at odd moments, in carrying stores, dressing wounds, washing and clothing the sick and wounded, preparing food and drink, writing letters for the soldiers to the dear ones at home. This last is a prominent feature in the work of the Christian Commission. Its delegates, in all cases where deaths occur under their observation, furnish particulars of the event to the friends and relatives of the deceased, always sending a lock of hair as a memento of the lost one; and communicate also, in behalf of the wounded whenever they desire it, with the homes they have left to battle for the nation's sake. Thousands of hearts have thus been enriched by news from the field which might never, but for this Commission, have been informed as to the fate of absent dear ones.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE WORK OF RELIEF.

For the first week after our occupation of Fredericksburg hospital supplies were very scarce, and there was much suffering in consequence. The few citizens who had failed to join in the exodus of the population refused to furnish any facilities for the care of the wounded; the stores had been stripped by the Confederate soldiery, and absolute destitution consequently prevailed, even the commonest utensils, such as cups and basins, being altogether beyond our reach. It happened, from this, that many of the wounded were neither cleansed nor removed from the wagons in which they were transported from the field for two or three days after their arrival, and some who were carried to Belle Plain were a whole week without surgical assistance. Within nine days, however, after the first engagement, the medical and sanitary work was thoroughly systematized; adequate supplies were obtained, and the condition of the men was made comparatively comfortable. On Saturday the 14th, when there were 6000 wounded in the hospitals, and probably 2000 others wandering about the streets, there were none for whom it was impossible to provide, though there was of course, among those who had suffered amputations, or sustained injuries in vital parts, a great amount of suffering which it was impossible for any human skill to relieve.

CHARACTER OF THE WOUNDS.

A large proportion of those who had gone into hospital had sustained wounds of the arm and right breast. This was said to be owing to the fact that in the engagements in "the Wilderness," where the scrub timber was about as high as a man's head, the right arm, lifted necessarily in loading the musket, had presented a mark for the sharp-shooters of the enemy, who, firing deliberately under cover of the brush, had thus disabled an unnatural proportion of our soldiers in the arm so peculiarly exposed. The wounds thus received were for the most part slight, and would not permanently disable those sustaining them. Many, however, wounded from the same cause in the head, suffered greatly; in some cases balls were extracted, in others broken pieces of the skull removed, and in a few eyes were shot away, jaws broken, noses fractured. Wounds of this nature required the closest care and attention, needing to be dressed, when peculiarly aggravated, once or twice a day. One poor fellow who fell under our care—J. H. Pervis, of the Thirty-seventh Alabama Regiment—was wounded in four places, namely: in the neck, breast, shoulder, and right arm—all the wounds having been made by a single ball. The hurts were of the most aggravated and offensive character, emitting a horrible odor; but the sufferer was attended to with the same care as our own men, his hurts being faithfully cleansed and dressed twice a day.

All these wounds, however, were but scratches as compared with the injuries of many who fell in the desperate engagement of Thursday, May 12. Some of the men who came in from that terrible field were literal hulks. Arms, legs, hands, feet, and in some cases even the bowels, were shot away; and for two days after their arrival in the hospitals a large force of surgeons was constantly employed in amputating fractured limbs. Walking the streets, you could see streams of stretchers bending under limp and mangled bodies, dead and living, flowing in and out at the doors; while all about groups of soldiers stood chatting with calm unconcern, simply saying, as the litters drifted past them, "There goes Captain This, Colonel That, or Private So-and-so—dead, poor fellow, at last!"

SPIRIT OF THE MEN.

Yet amidst all these scenes of horror, these pains and sufferings, under which common men would have perished, these royal-souled veterans of the Army of the Potomac did not utter one whimper or complaint. Suffering often for food and drink; their clothing saturated with blood, their limbs limp and helpless; sometimes dragging themselves on crutches, by painful marches, from the distant field to the nearest hospital, they endured all with a robust patience and resignation, showing they had in them the stuff of which martyrs are made, seeming to rejoice that it was their privilege to "suffer and be strong" for the nation's sake. A cup of coffee, or ration of "hard tack," seemed to compensate, in their view, for all pains and losses; and the assurance of shelter and a hand-breath of dry ground on which to spread their blankets and lie down to rest, was to them the only bliss, beyond the supply of nature's wants, they could desire. One day, passing along a side street, we found a woman kneeling over a soldier lying prostrate on the sidewalk, his head resting on a tuft of grass which the thousands of hurrying feet had left untouched. Upon inquiry we learned that the sufferer—named Stephen Kidd, of the Twelfth New Jersey Regiment—had two wounds in his bowels and his right arm broken; that he had come from the field in an ambulance, but becoming too much exhausted to ride any further had been lifted out and left at the roadside where we found him. Stimulants were administered, and animation was after a while restored, when the wounds were dressed, though it was apparent he could not survive the day. The brave fellow, however, vehemently insisted that he "would be all right in a day or two;" and on reply to a question whether he would not like his family to be advised of his condition, said it was altogether unnecessary; he could very soon write himself and tell the whole story. Yet, while he was thus talking to us in painful morsels of speech, death was every moment deepening its shadow on his face, and the soft sky, bending over him, and all nature's loveliness, was fading slowly, surely, and forever from his failing sight! The dream of his heart, glimmering that hour through his feeble talk, that he would yet have "another chance" at the foe, and participate, perhaps, in the glory of the final triumph, was not to have its fulfillment, failing, alas! as the prophecies of how many other brave souls have failed in these sad years of the latter time.

Yet the noble men who "welcome death with songs and decorate it with the braveries of faith" are by no means callous to the gentler influences of life. The mere mention of Home was at any time sufficient to bring a grave and wistful look into the bronzed, weather-beaten veteran's face. Passing a church occupied as a hospital, a night or so after our arrival, we heard the music of an organ. Entering the building, with every pew and aisle crowded with wounded, a ghostly light from a dozen lanterns making the darkness seem only the more horrible, we saw in the organ-loft a group of men with their arms in slings, one of whom, who had sustained a mere trifle of a hurt, was fondling the organ-keys. Presently, as we stood there in the pallid gloom, down from the gallery, and along the aisles, floated the tender notes of "Home, sweet Home," sobbing, sighing, as with the unutterable longings of souls famished for glimpses of the dear spot, around which all of life's joys and hopes are forever grouped. The spirit of the song seemed, on the instant, to fill all the place, and every maimed and suffering hero, who in the battle's face had been stern and pitiless as death, melted at the touch of the familiar melody. Bandaged hands stole to eyes unused to weeping; heads that no calamity could have bowed bent under the soft pressure of old home-memories. To how many souls, think you, came glimpses in that moment of homes far away—homes on busy city streets, homes on green hill-sides dotted with apple-trees in bloom, homes in pleasant villages with gardens lying all around them; homes in which a vacant chair awaits the father's or son's return, and sweet-faced children, clambering to the mother's knee, prattle in their innocence of the dear one exposed to the battle's storm, while unto them the May skies float down only blossoms, song, and fragrance?

The music ceased at last, and for a little time all was still. Then, suddenly, from a far corner of the gallery, came a voice: "Now give us 'Yankee Doodle;'" and with that a gust of feeble cheers fluttered up from the ghostly pews, and, obedient to the call, the organ pealed out, full and strong, the nation's hymn, supplementing it with "Hail Columbia!" and other stirring airs, to all of which the veterans cried, again and again, *Encore*. We walked away with their faint cheers sounding in our ears; and we say to ourselves hourly, as we remember that soul-lifting scene, "With *such* men to fight our battles victory *must* be ours."

Many other scenes deepened the impression that no more magnificent courage ever animated any army than that which nerves and sustains the soldiery of General Grant. Every hour or so regiments of fresh troops, marching to the front, passed through Fredericksburg. As they moved forward to the sound of inspiring music, groups of wounded, standing on the corners and sitting on the piazzas and in windows of the hospitals, saluted them with round after round of cheers. That was the welcome of men who had been through the fire to men, as noble as themselves, who were panting and straining for the same glorious baptism. For every cheer from the limping, smitten spectators, they returned—these fresh, clean, courageous comers—salutations of double volume, cheering with all the strength of lusty manhood, flags dipping and fluttering over all as if with royal benedictions. The wounded, under the inspiration of such grand moments, forgot all the dangers of the field, all their personal pains and sacrifices; they thought only of the Cause, remembered only that these stout fellows marching to the front would fill their places and help achieve the overthrow at last of the still defiant foe; and *that* thought brought a welcome to every lip, and made every heart eager for the fray.

An excellent illustration of the prevailing temper of the men was given by a Pennsylvania captain, who had been wounded in the thigh and ordered to Washington. "I wouldn't have minded my hurt," he said, with a sort of savage despair, "if I had only been able to do something before receiving it. But that was denied me. I had just got my men into line and their pieces loaded, and was about to give the order to fire, when a bullet came whizzing straight into my leg, and I fell with the order forming on my lips. Oh, if I could only have delivered a single volley! But here I am, disabled, and without the consolation that I have done a single thing for the cause." Another brave fellow, chatting with the surgeon while his wounds were dressed, said it "was too bad he had been hit," he "wanted *so* much to remain in the ranks;" and with that broke into sobs because he couldn't at once return to the front and share in the perils of coming battle-days.

DISPOSITION OF THE REBELS.

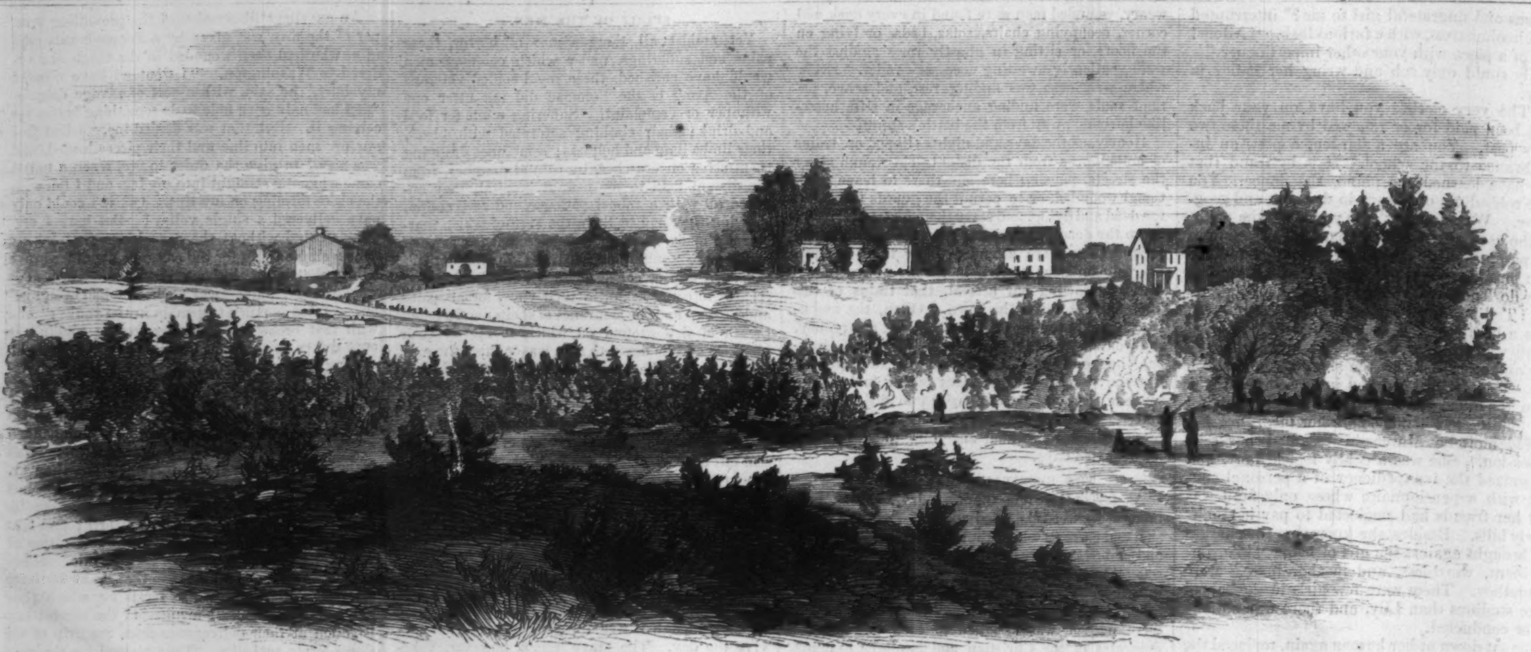
The feeling of all the Confederates with whom we were able to converse was one of unqualified discontent with the Confederacy and its rulers, and of hearty weariness at the prolongation of the war. All admitted that popular freedom at the South had been destroyed; that the army was only kept together by harsh and arbitrary measures; and that the people would welcome gladly the restoration of peace and order, even under Federal rule. Many of these men had been kept in the service by force after the expiration of the terms for which they enlisted; and they all manifested the utmost satisfaction at their deliverance from the grip of the Confederate authority. They seemed, for the most part, surprised at the kind treatment they received at the hands of our surgeons and nurses, and were even more amazed at the evidences every where presented of the unfailing resources and prosperity of the North. The appearance of these prisoners, ten thousand of whom we saw in camp, was any thing but prepossessing. None had complete uniforms; many were barefooted; many without hats; and their faces were to the last degree expressionless and stolid.

THE FREDERICKSBURG CEMETERY.

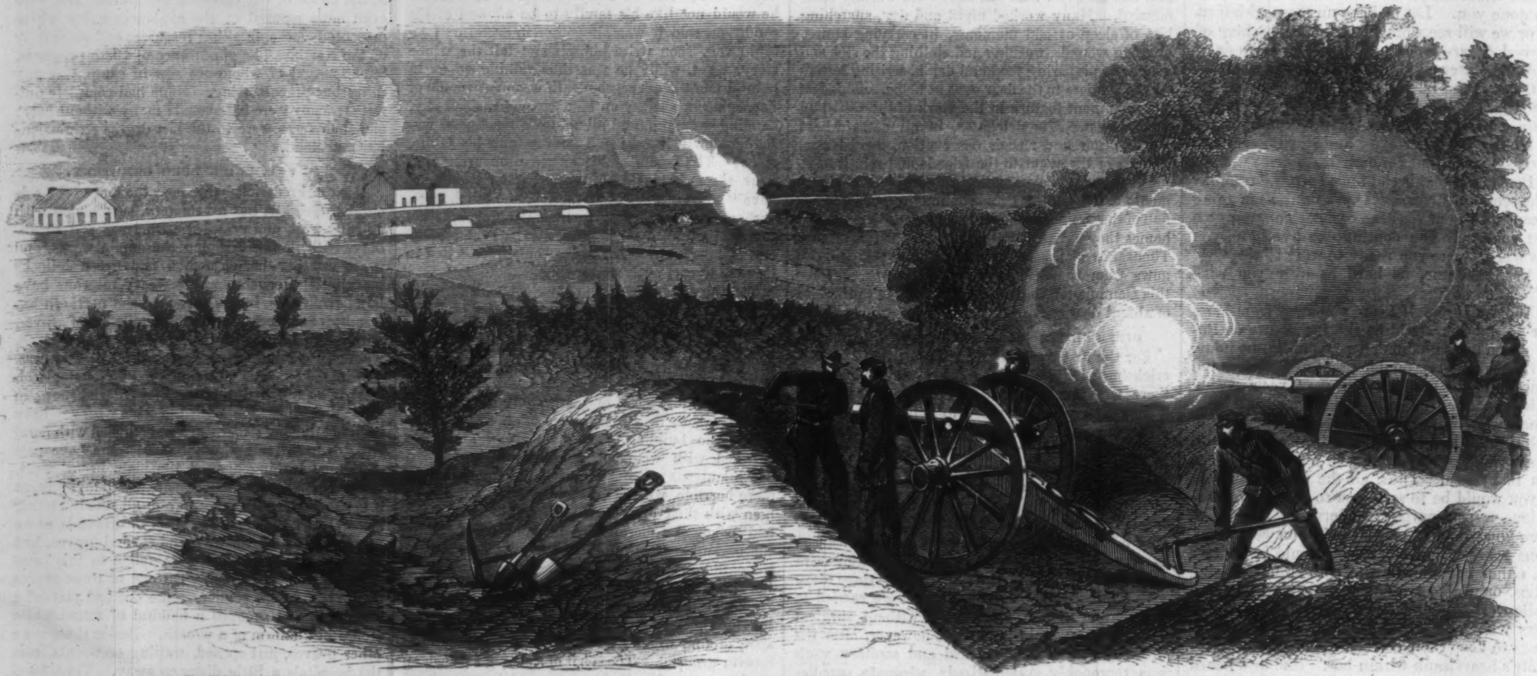
Back of Fredericksburg, near the foot of the celebrated Heights, lies a cemetery, surrounded with a heavy wall, and crowded with trees and shrubbery, with flowers fringing the ample walks, and gray, weather-beaten tombs and green hillocks marking the couches where weary pilgrims have lain down to the long sleep. At the northern extremity of this cemetery are several rows of graves, with plain boards at the head and foot of each, where some hundreds of North Carolina, Arkansas, Virginia, Louisiana, Georgia, and Mississippi soldiers, who fell in the battle of Fredericksburg in December, 1862, are buried. These graves have been neatly kept; many are embellished with floral tributes from some kindly hands; some have pots of flowers leaning against the plain head-boards, while upon all green mantles are folded lovingly, as if to shield the still sleepers from all rudely-pelting storms. On the opposite side of the grounds, as we wandered to and fro, we found several graves, just made, in which loyal soldiers, fallen in this campaign, have been buried. On one of these graves—that of a Maine soldier—some one had planted a rose-bush, and grouped a handful of round white stones in the form of a wreath. Beside these were other graves, just opened, waiting occupants from the hospitals a little distance away. Thus, however divided in life—with whatever eager passion contending under hostile flags—the loyal and disloyal sleep side by side at last in the bivouac that only the long-roll of the Judgment shall break: sleep side by side, with the same boughs whispering over them, the same birds singing around them, the same summer blossoms drifting fragrance through their calm sleep, the same softly-stepping years pacing past their graves, leaving shadows and wreck behind.

THE SOLDIERS AND GENERAL GRANT.

It is wonderful how entirely the army confides in General Grant. Every soldier's tongue is full of his praises. No matter how severely wounded, no matter how intensely suffering, if there is strength enough in him to speak, every man in all these hospital wards will tell you, if you ask him, his opinion, "He is one of us, this Unconditional Surrender General; and he will bring us through, God willing, just as surely as the sun shines." Then they will tell you stories of the watchfulness and care, the fearlessness and obstinate intrepidity of this man whose plume they delight to follow; how he is every where, by night and day, looking after the comfort of his men, and quietly prosecuting the strategic work of the campaign; how he rides, unexpectedly, to the remote outposts, speaking a pleasant word to the pickets if faithfully on duty, and administering reprimands if not vigilant and watchful; how he shuns fuss and show, going about often with only an orderly, instead of a dozen or so of foppish, bedizened aids; how his staff, plain, earnest men like himself, get down at times from their horses, that sick and wounded fellows, straggling hospital-ward, may rest their weariness by riding to their destination; how, in a word, he is an earnest, thoughtful, resolute, kind man, sympathizing with the humblest soldier in his ranks, penetrated with a solemn appreciation of the work given him to do, and determined, by Heaven's help, to *do* it, right on the line he has occupied. And when they tell you this, these maimed heroes lying here in these Fredericksburg hospitals, they add always, with a magnificent *élan*—an energy which has a grand touch of pride in it—"And we'll help him do this work; we'll stand by him to the end, come what may; we'll perish, every man of us, rather than have him fail and the Cause dishonored; we'll be proud of every scar won in fighting where he leads." What *is* it—can any one tell us?—that makes two hundred thousand men put trust and confidence so complete as this in this simple-hearted farmer-General, who, three years ago, was husking corn or following the plow on far Western prairies?

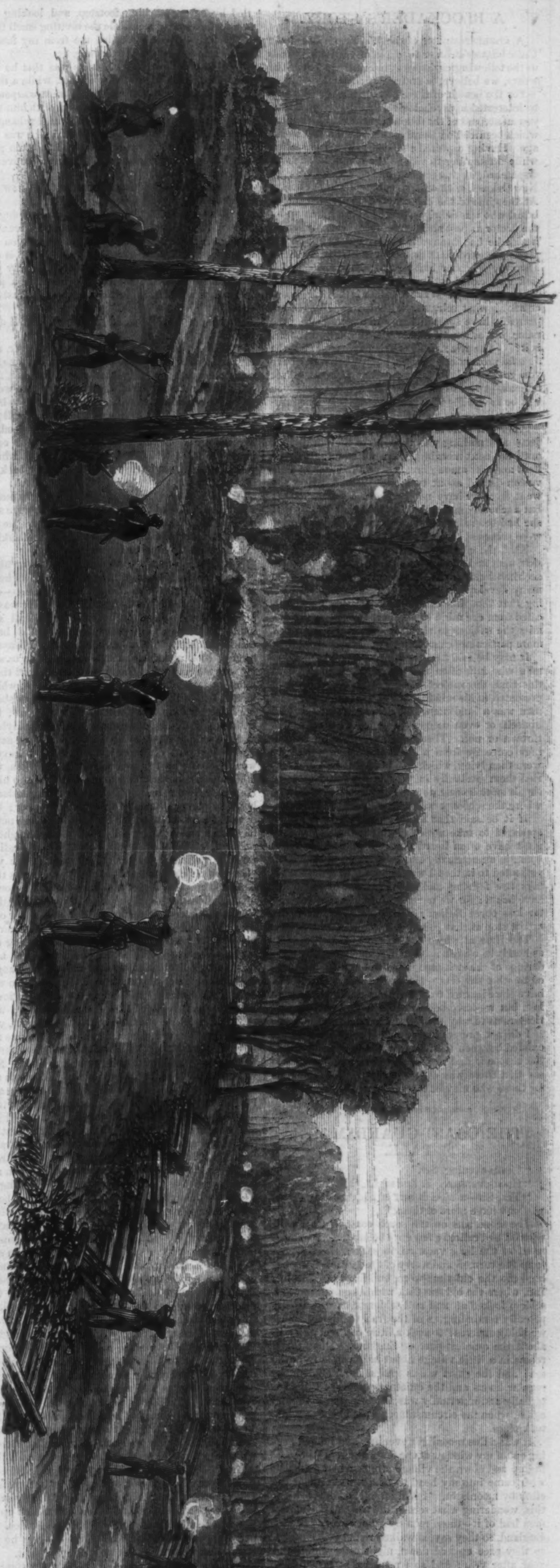


SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE, VIRGINIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 382.]

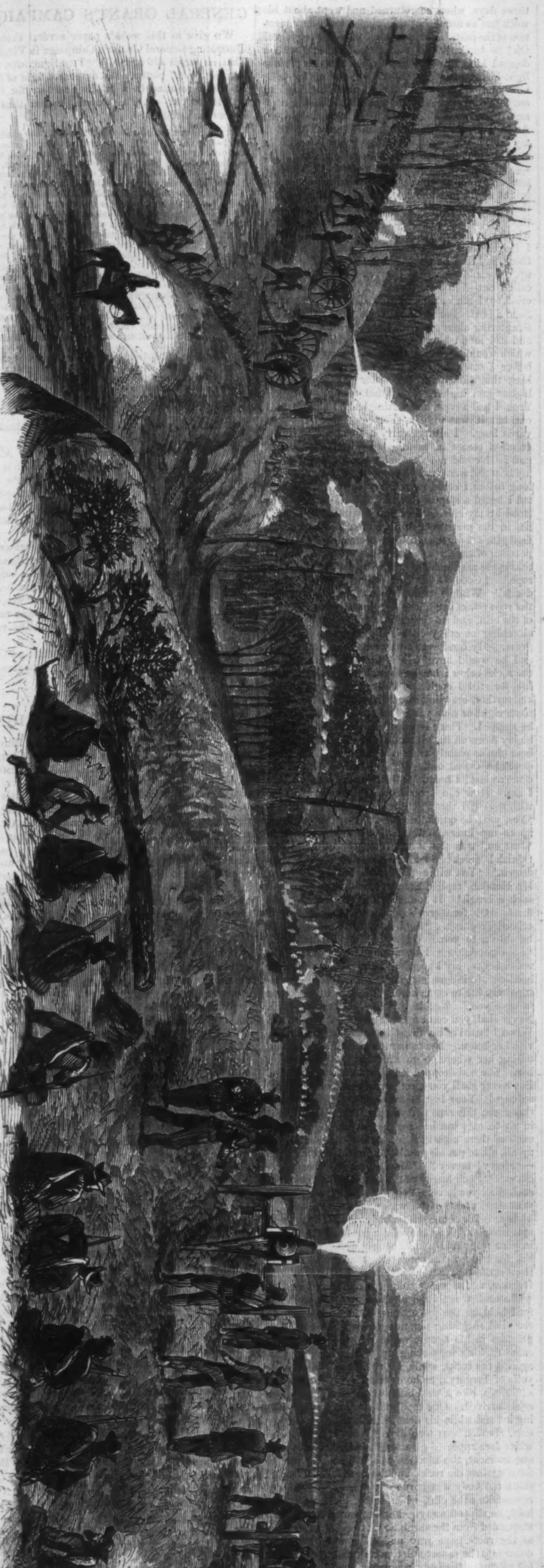


BATTERIES ON GENERAL WARREN'S LEFT, NEAR SPOTTSYLVANIA, VIRGINIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 382.]

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—CROSSING THE RIVER NY, VIRGINIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 382.]



SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—GENERAL LOGAN'S SKIRMISHERS ADVANCING TOWARD THE RAILROAD AT RESACA, MAY 13, 1864.—From a Sketch by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 382.]



SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—POSITION OF OSTERHAUS'S DIVISION, LOGAN'S CORPS, ON BALD HILL, MAY 14, 1864—SHELLING THE RAILROAD AT RESACA.—From a Sketch, by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 382.]

A BLOCKADER'S STORY.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Weekly*, on board the United States steamer *Virginia*, off Galveston, sends us the following curious and interesting story. The writer, we believe, is entirely trustworthy:

For the benefit of those of your readers who may be interested in psychological investigations, I send you an account of the following remarkable incident which occurred on board of this vessel a few weeks ago. Having captured a schooner, which was taken while attempting to violate the blockade, she was dispatched, in charge of a prize officer and crew, to New Orleans, with orders to proceed without delay. At the time of the capture we had a sick man on board who was delirious, and had been given up by the doctor as past all hopes of recovery. When in health he had been remarkably quiet, but in his present excited state he talked incessantly. Soon after the schooner had left for New Orleans the sick man called out in a loud, authoritative voice, "Schooner ahoy! What schooner is that? Schooner ahoy! what schooner is that, I say?" He appeared to have some difficulty in understanding the name, but at length said, "Oh, that is your name, is it?" [The prize schooner's name was Spanish, the *Juanito* pronounced *Wanito*.] "What water have you got?" "Five fathoms—four fathoms—three fathoms—two fathoms." "Look out there! you will be ashore!" "Heave the lead!" "One fathom." "There, you are right ashore!"

After this time his mind turned upon other subjects, and nothing was thought of his wanderings until the next morning, when we saw the *Juanito* hard and fast among breakers on the beach of Galveston Island about two miles distant. How she went there we have not yet learned satisfactorily; but anchoring as near as possible to her we saw that she had been abandoned, and the officer and crew were prisoners in the hands of the rebels.

That the connection between the ravings of the sick man and the fate of the schooner was wholly accidental many will undoubtedly conclude; but so many developments have been lately made, showing that thoughts can be unconsciously communicated from one mind to another, that I can not dismiss the subject so abruptly, but will give a few more particulars concerning it.

It may be said that the man was probably a seaman who had often thrown the lead, and that at this time the subject was by some slight incident presented to his mind. But this was not so. The man was a landsman, had never thrown the lead himself, or even seemed to notice whether it was thrown or not. Then, again, he took the soundings correctly from a little inshore of where we were then lying, which was in 5½ fathoms, and carried them gradually in, just as the water actually shoals on this coast, to one fathom, which would be where the schooner was when among the breakers.

If it be said that although he might not have appeared to take notice of the soundings, yet he must have often heard them given, and his mind being in an unusually excited state when they were presented to it, then I would answer that the soundings two fathoms and one fathom he never could have heard; for we never go into less than a quarter less three fathoms, *i. e.*, 2¾. Why, then, did he not stop at that point?

The time at which the schooner struck agrees, as nearly as we can ascertain, with that of the wanderings of the sick man, after which his mind turned to other subjects. He died two days after. We have since learned from deserters that no lives were lost, but we have been unable to find out the particulars as to why the schooner was run ashore.

I do not pretend to explain the relation which existed between the minds of the persons on board the schooner and that of the sick man, or even to say that there was any, but simply state the facts for those who may be interested in such subjects.

THE COAST-GUARDSMAN'S TALE.

"GOOD-EVENING, Sir."

"Good-evening. A fine night, this."

"Yes, Sir—a niceish sort of night. Pity for us we don't have more of them."

The scene was on the south coast of Cornwall, where I had retired a few days before the commencement of the long vacation, to seek a short repose from the turmoil and worry of the law; leaving behind me the old time-worn buildings of Lincoln's Inn, where the old sun-dial, with its quaint motto,* seldom looked at, and still seldomer heeded, is perpetually reminding us of the frail tenure by which we hold our lives; to seek a little rest and quiet, in about the quietest part of England. I had taken rooms in a little village about half a mile from the sea; and the short walks gradually extended, the regular hours and the quietness of every thing internally and externally was fast bringing me round again, when the circumstances I am about to relate took place.

It was a fine moonlight evening, and I stood gazing out of my window at the few strangers still passing up and down the village street, when a sudden wish came into my head to take a walk along the cliffs by moonlight. I had often thought of doing this, wondering what sort of life the Coast-Guardsmen had of it—those men by whom every inch of England, so they say, is walked round every night, as they pace up and down, night after night, and year after year; and so I resolved, at last, to put my long-fancied scheme into execution.

I had been sauntering along for about half a mile, looking at the blue waves, reaching far, far out into the distance, and checkered here and there by the distant sail of some fishing-boat, gleaming silver in the moonlight, and at the long golden track, reaching from far away up to the base of the cliffs—the foot-path of the fairies, as I had been told long ago—and peopling it, in my fancy, with the light spirits of the air, tripping along in many a fantastic maze, on the glittering surface, and calling to their sister sprites in the water below, when I was startled by an approaching footstep, and, looking up, saw a man close to me, while the inviting smell from a short pipe quickly recalled me from my fancies to the sense of ordinary existence.

* Ex hoc momento pendent æternitas.

All that I noticed of his dress was that he had on a rough pilot-coat, with a low hat, while a thick walking-stick formed his only apparent weapon of offense and defense. In short, it was with him that the sentences "first above written" were exchanged.

I soon found that my new acquaintance was one of that very body of men that I had so often pondered about; and so, having fallen into conversation, I walked on a bit with him.

"I suppose you don't have much to do now besides walking up and down, do you?"

"Why no, Sir. There's not so much doing as there used to be, once on a time, though I have seen some goings on in my time—Mind where you are treading, Sir!" he exclaimed. "The cliff is not very safe along the edge, and if it gave way you would be smashed on the rocks below, like a poor fellow I knew was some time ago. God rest his soul!"

"What of him?" I said. "Did any one fall over here?"

"Why no, Sir. He didn't exactly fall over, and it wasn't over this cliff, neither, but the one we shall come to next. My beat ends there, and, as I am a bit before my time, I expect my mate won't be up for ten minutes or so; and, if you like to hear the tale, though it's not so much after all, I will tell you on the spot where it all happened. Indeed, to say the truth, I shall be very glad of your company, for it's a whisht* spot, and, often as I have waited there, I am always glad to turn my back on it again."

We soon reached the bay by the light of the moon. After looking along the cliff, to see if there were any signs of his companion, and, not finding any, he sat down on a stone, and I lighted a cigar, and, taking my place beside him, he began:

"It is not so many years ago, Sir, eight or nine, maybe, when a young gentleman came down here, as it might be you, to spend a month or so—our town being a quiet sort of place, like. He wasn't a bad-looking sort of fellow, and had small and white hands. Indeed most people would have called him handsome, though there was always a kind of look about his mouth I didn't like to see. He was staying up at the Miner's Arms, and there soon got tales about the town of the way in which he and two or three other wild young fellows about here, as there are every where, used to go on; the sitting up at nights, the drinking and card-playing, and the wild freaks they used to be at. But as he always had plenty of money, and paid his bill every week (it was by his own wish), Polmarthen, the landlord, Sir, never cared to say any thing to him. He was a close man, was Polmarthen, and no doubt he made plenty of money out of his customer; but it would have been better for him if he had never let Mr. Hendon under his roof. His daughter, pretty Kate Polmarthen as she was always called, was the prettiest girl for miles about (I see you guess what's coming), and many was the glass that had been emptied in her honor, and many a young man would have given much to have stood well in her good graces; but, though she was a bit of a flirt, there was none that had ever found favor in her eyes but Ralph Tregarva—a likely young fellow as ever was seen. Folks often wondered how it was that old Polmarthen ever allowed his daughter to engage herself to young Tregarva, who was only a fisherman; but though the old man loved money much, he loved his daughter more; and though I hear there was some trouble about it, yet, in the end, he gave way to her in this. It was not long, however, after Mr. Hendon came down here, that a change seemed to come over poor Kate. She would sit silent for hours, and if Ralph came to try and cheer her up, she would speak sharply and harshly to him, and then sometimes burst into a flood of tears, and beg his pardon, and kiss him, and tell him that he was the dearest and best of men, and that she was not worthy of him. I was a great friend of his, and I gathered most of this from him at the time, poor fellow! I was sitting in my cottage one day toward the evening, thinking it would soon be time to be going off on my beat, when young Tregarva burst in with a face as white as a sheet, and scarcely able to stand. 'What is the matter, man,' said I; 'have you seen a ghost?' but he staggered to a chair and fell, rather than sat, down on it, holding his face between his hands, while the big sobs that burst from him seemed to shake him from head to foot, though not a tear fell through his fingers. I stood by him for some little time, but he seemed to grow worse instead of better, and at last I laid my hand on his shoulder. 'Come, Ralph, be a man; what is all this about?' He turned on me like a tiger. 'Leave me alone, curse you. Do you too mock at me?' and with one spring he was past me, and out at the door like a madman. I followed in haste, greatly alarmed, as you may suppose, but could see nothing of him. There was a mist rising, and any one would have been invisible at any moderate distance; and it was with deep forebodings that I went my rounds that night. When I returned to my cottage I noticed a small piece of paper lying on the floor. It explained all. It was a letter from Hendon to Kate, evidently written in a hurry, and was all crumpled up as if it had been clenched in the fingers. No doubt it had dropped from Ralph's hand, though how he got it I do not know. It left no room for doubt. He urged her to fly from the village, and promised that he would provide for her. Soon after I heard more. That same evening Kate Polmarthen had disappeared. That morning her bedroom had been found empty, and she was gone. What surprised others, though not me, was, that her father made no search after her—for he made none. He knew only too well why she had gone. Hendon was still in the village, in order, I suppose, to divert all attention from himself, as he was not aware that the note had been found, Ralph and I each keeping our own counsel. What need to publish the certainty of her shame? We heard nothing of Ralph for three days, when he returned and went about his work just as usual, but resenting fiercely any mention of the past. His manner, too, was quite changed. Oh! so haggard and wild he looked, and with a dogged kind of sullenness in place of his former light-hearted gayety. Even to me he never spoke now, and one or two attempts I made to draw him out into conversation were met with such bursts of rage that I was obliged to leave him to himself. And now I must come to the most painful part of my tale. You see that the bay below is closed in at high-tide, and the sand gets quite covered. It was high-water about half-past eleven on the September evening, when I was on my beat, and a bright night, just like this. I was walking along the top of the cliff, just where we are now, when I thought I heard a voice down below, on the beach, which was nearly under water. Surprised at this, I looked over and I saw that there was a figure there, and that he was rushing about and shouting up. I could recognize the voice of Hendon, and called out—'Holloa, there?' 'Help! help!' he cried. 'I am cut off by the tide. I can't swim. Send a boat. For God's sake, help me!' So it was. Sauntering along, he had, I suppose, waited there, and had found himself cut off by the rising tide, which would have been the case an hour and a half before I saw him, so that he must have waited at least that time with the water gradually rising higher and higher. But what was to be done? True, I had a rope, and instinctively I had taken it out, but it was only a short one, about a dozen yards long. I always carry a bit about with me. It often comes in useful; but what good was it now? I could not descend the cliff, and if I left my beat and went for assistance he would be drowned long before I could return. Even while I hesitated I heard a step behind me, and Ralph Tregarva stood by my side. 'I can go down that cliff,' said he, in the measured, dogged tone he had always used since *then*, though there seemed to be an expression of savage exultation in his tone that night that made me shudder. 'I will go. Give me that rope.' 'Good God!' I exclaimed, 'it is certain death!' While I spoke, however, he had snatched the rope out of my hands, let himself over the edge of the cliff, and was going down, hand-under-hand, clutching at every little bush and every tuft of grass. My head swam watching him. One slip, and he would have fallen, literally 'smashed' on the rocks below; but he seemed to bear a charmed life, for still I could see him going down, further and further, crawling like a lizard, till he was only some eight or nine yards from the bottom. There he stopped. There is a flat ledge of rock there, and he lay down on it. It was a still night, and I could hear him as plainly as I could you, Sir. 'Mr. Hendon!' he called out. 'Oh, thank God, you are come at last!' I hea' Mr. Hendon answer. 'Here I am. How can I reach you?' 'I have a rope with me; if I throw it you, can you get up here?' 'Yes, yes; be quick, be quick. The tide has risen up to my knees, and I am half dead with cold.' 'Just so,' was the strange answer of Tregarva. 'Quick! quick! do not trifle with me; I shall drown.' 'You will not drown for half an hour yet, Mr. Hendon,' replied Tregarva, with a laugh. But such a laugh! It sounded like the laughter of a fiend. 'Oh, for mercy's sake, be quick!' 'Mercy!' echoed Tregarva. 'Such as you have shown shall be shown to you. Where is Kate Polmarthen?' 'I do not know. I do not, indeed. Quick! the water is over my knees.' 'Liar!' returned Ralph, heedless of his agonizing entreaties. 'I have ventured my life to come here. Did you think it was to save you? No; it was to secure my revenge. Never shall you come up here alive. Listen to me. When I heard of her flight I was among the first to visit her house. Her father found a letter from you, telling her where to go, and that you would meet her. She had dropped it in her hurried departure. But never shall you meet her in this world. Liar! seducer! Your last hour is come. I have but to throw you this rope and you are safe. Your life is in my hands; but had I a thousand lives, and were each of them entwined in your one, I would give up all, all, to punish you.' Again the scream arose—'Mercy! mercy!' 'Mercy!' again echoed Tregarva. 'Such mercy as the lion shows to his prey, such shall you have. You shall die, wretch—die in your sins; and, as the water mounts higher and higher, think of her whose body and soul you have murdered—think of me whose peace of mind, you, in your wantonness, have utterly wrecked, and *then* ask for mercy. Never.' Oh, that I could forget the fearful scene that followed. The wretched Hendon, as the water mounted higher and higher, while each wave almost tore him away from his frail hold on the projections of the rock, clung to the cliff, shrieking out mingled prayers and blasphemies in his agony, while the relentless waves came dashing in, rearing up, with a hoarse boom, against the rocks, while, above all, rose the frantic yells of Tregarva, as he exulted in his terrors and sufferings, like a wild beast over his victim. The crisis arrived. One mountainous wave came rolling in, and while his death-shriek still rings in my ears, Hendon was torn away from his hold. His white face appeared gleaming among the spray for one moment, the next he was dashed with fearful force against the rocks, and the next a bleeding and shattered body was borne out to sea. Ralph was reascending the cliff, when, losing his scanty foothold, he slipped away. For one moment he hung suspended from the shrub he was holding, and then, as the roots gave way under his weight, he fell down into the same tomb to which he had consigned his victim. *His* body was never found. That of Hendon was recovered next day, and an inquest held. I was the principal witness, and a verdict of 'willful murder' was returned against Tregarva.

* Cornish for "dull—melancholy."

I have little more to tell. Poor Kate and her babe lie side by side in the church-yard. And now, Sir, can you wonder that I don't much like being here all alone? But I see my mate is coming, just in time, so I will bid you good-night, Sir."

"Good-night."

And I returned to my lodgings, a sadder and more thoughtful, if not a wiser, man.

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

WE give in this week's paper several sketches illustrating General GRANT'S Campaign in Virginia. That on pages 376 and 377, "THE STRUGGLE FOR THE SALIENT," pictures the desperate fight of May 12, which resulted in a brilliant victory for General HANCOCK. A *Times* correspondent thus describes the struggle:

At the point at which HANCOCK'S assault was made, at 4 o'clock in the morning, the rebel breast-works formed an angle or salient, and his men advanced silently, and, without firing a shot, entered the works at the salient, and swept up the inside of the right, capturing 7000 prisoners. After driving the enemy a mile the latter rallied, and HANCOCK at 6 A.M. returned and formed his line of battle in the enemy's works. As this was the key of the whole position, our right was gradually retired, and the main body of the army massed on the left. The Sixth Corps (WRIGHT), which had been on the right of the Second, withdrew behind their skirmish line, and united with HANCOCK'S right, and afterward two divisions of WARREN'S were brought over. The history of the day, after 6 o'clock in the morning, is all summed up in five successive and fierce assaults which LEE made to retake the lost position. At first EWELL'S corps alone confronted HANCOCK, but during the day HILL and LONGSTREET were drawn over from the rebel left, and the whole army of LEE flung itself in five desperate efforts to recapture the breast-works. But it was all in vain, as every assault met a bloody repulse.

So terrific was the death-grapple, however, that at different times of the day the rebel colors were planted on the one side of the works and ours on the other, the men fighting across the parapet. Nothing during the war has equaled the savage desperation of this struggle, which was continued for fourteen hours.

Our sketch presents a vivid view of this bloodiest of all the fields of this campaign.

On page 380 we give three sketches by A. R. WAUD. One represents the RIVER NY, which is one of four known respectively as the Mat, Ta, Po, and Ny, which, when they join, form the Mattapony. The Ny lies northeast of Spottsylvania Court House, and will be historical for its connection with the battles fought around it.

SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE, as it is presented in Mr. WAUD'S sketch, is seen to be a mere hamlet, lying amidst surrounding woods. It is the capital of Spottsylvania County, and contains a court-house, a jail, an Episcopal church, two or three stores, and probably 200 inhabitants. Our sketch was taken from a point within the Federal lines. The rebel rifle-pits appear in the distance.

Another sketch exhibits the BATTERIES on General WARREN'S left, showing part of Spottsylvania.

GEN. SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

WE give on the preceding page two illustrations of General SHERMAN'S campaign in Georgia. The sketch entitled GENERAL LOGAN'S SKIRMISHERS ADVANCING TOWARD THE RAILROAD AT RESACA, presents a vivid picture of the difficulties of our advance in a country so peculiarly strong for defense as that in which General SHERMAN has mostly operated. Mr. DAVIS, in sending this sketch, says: "The country hereabouts is so little cleared, and the woods are so thick with undergrowth, that it is by no means a pleasant undertaking to enter the forests, exposed at every step to the fire of hidden marksmen. The skirmishers went in to-day, however, with a willingness and determination that very soon resulted in the expulsion of the enemy from the woods, and the advance of our lines to a strong position, from which an excellent view of the country before us was obtained. It was in this thick underbrush that General KILPATRICK was wounded."

Another sketch by Mr. DAVIS represents GENERAL OSTERHAUS'S DIVISION OF LOGAN'S CORPS ON BALD HILL, the position gained by it on May 14. From this position the railroad bridge at Resaca was shelled, causing a suspension of the trains, and doing other damage. The enemy responded briskly to this fire, and several of our officers were wounded, among them Captain SHERIDAN, chief signal officer of General HOOKER.

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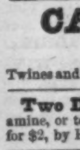

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For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
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